THE BYSTANDER
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DECEMBER 2, 1931
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STRIKING SHORT STORY by ETHEL MANNIN

the BYSTANDER

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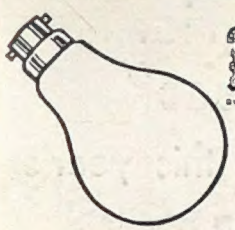

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The Bystander, December 2, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1459 Vol. CXII

Madame Yevonde

LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX

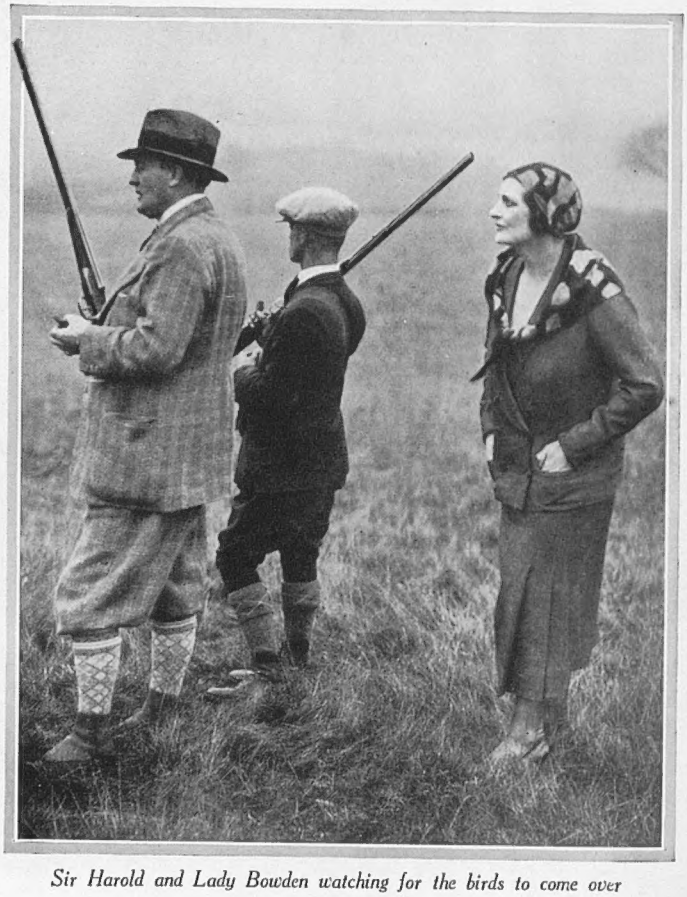
The latest portrait of the beautiful wife of Lord Brougham and Vaux, who before her marriage was Miss Valerie French. She is a perfect blonde. Her sister (Mrs. Vivian Drury) is a chestnut brunette

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN'S PHEASANT SHOOT

Lord Tennyson, the famous cricketer, bags a rocketter

Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, M.P., in action

Sir Charles Nall-Cain bags one whilst his loader gets busy



Sir Harold and Lady Bowden watching for the birds to come over

Sir Harold Bowden recently gave a most successful pheasant shoot at Bestwood Park, near Nottingham. Above are seen four photographs taken during the proceedings, which afforded plenty of good sport

the passing hour

THE chief event of the last few days is undoubtedly the re-appearance of the Prince of Wales for an hour or so's relaxation at his favourite dance clubs and restaurants. In view of the fact that there are only half a dozen that he patronises—the Embassy, Quaglino's, Malmaison, Ciro's, Monseigneur and the Café de Paris—this may sound rather parochial. But when you remember that the Prince said six weeks ago that he would not go out again at night until things got very much better, it becomes a matter of national interest that he is doing so again.

THE immediate result, as far as the supper crowds of London are concerned, is that they are full again every night of the week There is, of course, much less champagne being drunk—whisky and soda and lager reign largely in its stead. But still, people feel once again that they can go out and enjoy themselves.

SUCH diverse types as Baron Frankenstein, Charles Chaplin, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Tennyson, Count Bernsdorf and Charles Cochran were at the super cocktail party given last week in Mrs. Woolley-Hart's lovely house in Princes Gate by Miss Gladys Sammut and Miss Bunting Stevenson. Jack Harris brought his Embassy Club band. There were negroes to shake cocktails, and every kind of caviare and foie gras sandwich to ruin one's appetite for dinner.

AMONG the throng was Mr. Jim Lawrence, whose engagement to Miss Betty Fletcher-Mossop had been unofficially announced that afternoon. He would neither deny nor confirm it at the time. His sister, Miss Gipsy Lawrence, was also interested to find out if it were true. But "Peripatetic Jim" would not tell her one way or the other. Miss Fletcher-Mossop has not been seen much in London recently. She was working last summer in a shop at Cannes, and later in Paris.

Bertram Park

T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

The latest portrait of the Duke and Duchess to be taken. The Duke is wearing the uniform of a Captain of the Royal Navy

ALSO at this cocktail party was Madame de Pena, who was giving one herself on the following evening. She told me that her eighteen-year-old son never comes to her parties. He thinks them too frivolous. He is, I gather, a remarkable young man. First he decided to join the priesthood; then he joined the New Party; and then he went down with Leslie Hore-Belisha, M P., to Plymouth in the interests of the National Liberals. Now even his mother does not know what he intends to do.

EVEN as a small child he was precocious. On one occasion at Biarritz King Alfonso came to tea. During the afternoon he asked him what he would like to do when he grew up. Gazing at King Alfonso steadily, he said, aged seven, "I would like to be a King." "Don't," said King Alfonso. "Being a king is a rotten job." And so it has turned out.

AN engagement, the rumour of which has excited Paris wildly,

TWO RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

is that of Miss Elsa Maxwell and a French count who lives in Brittany. There seems to be no doubt that it is true. The only discussion is as to the spelling of the count's name. I gather it sounds like De Jemigny, and that he has a large and historic château. Miss Elsa Maxwell's parties are famous at Cannes, Monte Carlo, and the Lido. Perhaps she will now give some in Brittany.

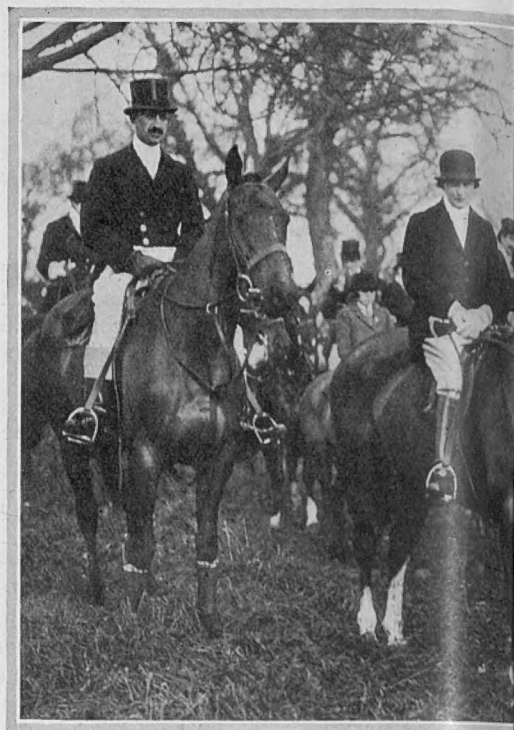
Miss Naomi Waters, the young Australian heiress, who recently made an adventurous runaway from her home at Darling Point, Sydney, seen with Mr. Roland Gillett, the actor, to whom she has become engaged. The latter is playing in "Elizabeth of England" at the Cambridge Theatre and was a member of Footlights, the famous Cambridge dramatic club, during his undergraduate days

LADY HADFIELD'S second Monday night party was as big a success as the previous one, although M. Michel de Buisseret, her nephew, for whom it was given, was absent in Brussels owing to the death of one of his uncles. Miss Elinor Glyn was there, and described her prescription for success to Mr. Bernard Watson, the publisher. She said it was largely a matter of personality, but that, in addition, one must stoop low enough for the limelight but not so low as to touch the dirt. She said she evolved "It" with her tongue in her cheek.

ANOTHER author was Mary Borden, who asked me plaintively whether I had read *The Lost Dominion*, and who the author was. Apparently some guest came up to her and said that it was his favourite out of all her books, and that his late brother thought so too. "All I could think of saying," she said in recounting the story, "was to change the subject by asking what his brother had died of."

Out with the Quorn. Some of the big field seen moving off from the recent meet at Great Dalby. In the front of the group are seen the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Lady Manton

THE Scottish lager was very much in demand once more at this party, but there was one guest who

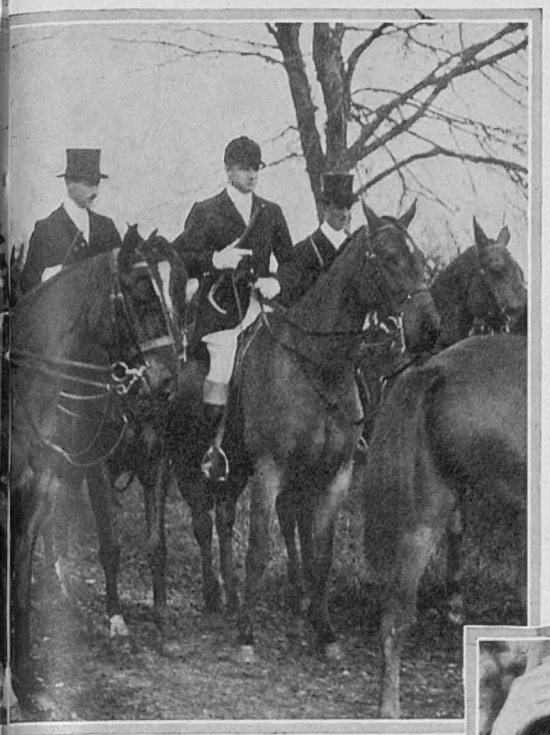


Followers of the Cottesmore seen at the recent meet at Hon. Roland Cubitt, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Major Cavanagh,

Yevonde

Lady Audrey Victoria Chetwynd-Talbot, whose engagement to Lord Stanley of Alderley was announced recently. She is the second sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot

RIFTS IN THE MARRIAGE LUTE



Tilton Village. They are, from left to right, the the Earl of Sefton and Sir Raymond Greene

LONDON is certainly an astonishing city. It has many free entertainments. But the most remarkable one of all is not well known. To witness it you need to be in the neighbourhood of Bryanston Square when the new moon is rising. It sounds like a Michael Arlen story, but it is the truth. For if you do this you will see a certain baronet's wife emerge from her house and walk towards the Marble Arch, bare-headed and curtseying nine times to the moon. She did not take any. She was plump, even barrel-shaped. When her partner asked if she would have some, she replied, "No, thanks. I'm used to German lager. So, you see, I am spoilt." How right she was.

Lady Moira Forbes, whose engagement to the Marquis de Brissac, the eldest son of the Duc de Brissac, has been announced. She is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Granard, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. Ogden Mills, the American millionaire

WHAT the cause of it all is I do not know. But in the past three weeks there has been an astonishing turn-up among young married couples who have hitherto been inseparable. Two very well-known brothers have both lost the affections of their very good-looking wives. One is being divorced. The other is separated. Another well-known young wife has literally flown away from her husband.

ALTOGETHER, one can count at least eight marriages which had seemed wildly successful, but which have now been disrupted in one way or another. Perhaps it is because, owing to the financial stringency, they have been going out less at night, and, in consequence, friction has developed at home. Whatever the cause, as I say, it is quite remarkable, and it appears to be no longer fashionable to be seen around with your wife.

THE HON. YOSKYL PEARSON

Whose engagement has been announced to the Hon. Robin Gurdon, the only son of Lord and Lady Cranworth, of Grundisburgh Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk. The eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, she is a most enthusiastic horsewoman, who hunts and plays polo

is a very superstitious woman, and has a double-barrelled name. More than that I cannot say.

MR. SEYMOUR LESLIE, who runs the Queen Charlotte's annual ball in the summer so brilliantly that it is practically a coming-out dance for half the prettiest debutantes in London, has another feather in his cap. He has just persuaded the authorities to give him a drink licence extension until 4.30 a.m. for his Midnight Ballet matinée at the Carlton Theatre on December 15. This is the latest extension ever granted in this country, but let us hope it won't be the last.

MEMBERSHIP of a night club (duly proposed and seconded, one

DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS OVERSEAS

hopes, by the secretary of the establishment) was one of the many unusual prizes given at Londonderry House last week at the Bridge and Backgammon Tournament. My own contribution was five pounds of coffee, which I was asked by the organiser to give for the delectation of the competitors at the afternoon and evening session.

FRANKLY, I never expected to send coffee to Londonderry House. It sounds so much like sending jewels to Burma. But there it was. Other last minute requests were for a gallon of milk and five pounds of sugar and tea. Single tickets cost half a guinea, and tables cost two guineas. The bridge committee, which was headed by Barbara Lady Crawley-Boevey, once again deserves congratulations on the hard work which she did.

Miss Rosita Forbes, the noted explorer and writer, who in private life is Mrs. A. McGrath, has set off on her travels again She is seen with Capt. E. C. Clark on board the R.M.S.P. Alcantara en route for South America, where she will study the possibilities for British trade and make a 700 miles' exploration of Ecuador

Lady Diana Cooper is another member of Society to leave England, Home and Beauty for a visit to "furrin'" parts. She is seen entering the boat train at Waterloo on the first stage of her trip to America

A REALLY amusing place to visit is the Caucasian Grill at the Splendide. It is run by Captain Vivien, which is the nom de cuisine adopted by the Marquis de Château Brun. At the opening night last week I joined a party which included Mr. Sam Allsopp, the son of Lord Hindlip, and his fiancée, Miss Bridget Nichols. At another table were Lord and Lady Clanmorris, and Cherry Lady Poynter.

IN these days when Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, it is obliging of the mountain to come to Mahomet. I mean that as it is not so easy now to go to the Casanovas and Kasbeks in Paris, Biarritz, and Cannes, it is pleasant to know that you can get all the gaiety, Russian vodka, singing and dancing on your own doorstep, so to speak, in London. The Marquis de Château Brun certainly deserves a success, and will as certainly have it.

Miss Vera G. White, a member of the Surbiton Golf Club, has found the ideal caddie—one who never starts whistling just when one is at the top of one's swing or makes inane remarks when one is putting. The gentleman in question is Barney, her mastiff, seen above, who does his work quietly, respectfully and efficiently

MANY famous hunts were represented at the recent meet of the Quorn Hounds at Great Dalby under the joint command of Major A. E. Burnaby and Sir Harold Nutting, writes our Hunting Correspondent. Amongst other well-known "fox-catchers" one noticed in the field were the Countess of Harrington, M.F.H., and that talented huntsman, Sir Peter Farquhar, joint-Master of the Meynell, both of whom were, seemingly, taking a kind of busman's holiday from their respective countries. Sir Gerald and Lady du Maurier "followed hounds" on wheels; in other words, in a

(Continued on page 420)

The "BUY BRITISH" Ball at the PARK LANE HOTEL

Five attractive members of the Pageant during the Ball, which was organised to persuade people to buy British. They are Lady Bridget Poulett, the Misses Rose Bingham, Margaret Whigham, Joan Grenfell and Mrs. Colclough

Mrs. George Hay Whigham, whose daughter Margaret is so popular in Society

The Hon. Mrs. Brett, who was so famous as Zena Dare, and her daughter Angela, whose first ball it was with Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale and Miss Dodo Watts, the film actress

Photographs

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke chatting with Dr. McClure and Mrs. R. D. Edwards during supper at the highly successful Best of Everything and "Buy British" Ball at the Park Lane Hotel

Sasha

Two more of those who took part in the effective Pageant. They are Baroness Furnivall and Lady Hamilton Grant

ROYALTY HUNTS WITH THE QUORN

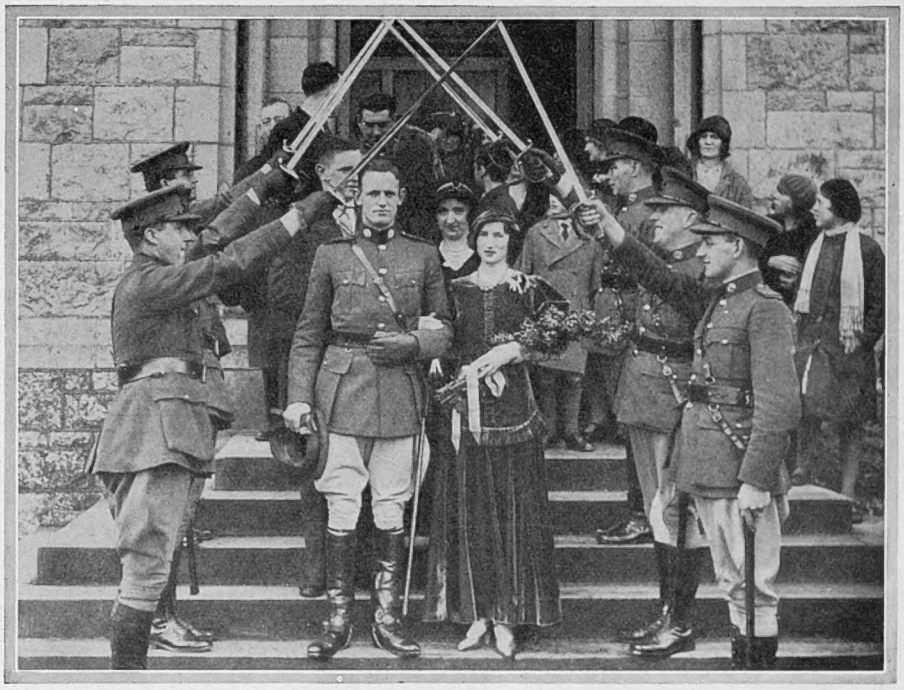
(Continued from page 418)

remarkably comfortable and well-appointed car. What promised to be a rousing gallop from Burrough Hill Wood was marred by the interference of a cur-dog on the Somerby road. Later, however, hounds picked up the line of the hunted fox in Thorpe Trussells, and carried it perseveringly over a good line of country for rather more than sixty minutes.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER made his first appearance with hounds, since his operation, at the Colston Bassett meet of the Duke of Rutland's (the Belvoir) Hounds. Prince Henry was the guest of the Master, Colonel F. Gordon Colman, and Mrs. Colman at Barton Hall Close, Melton Mowbray, during the week-end, and remarkably fit and well he looked. Members of adjoining hunts attended in force, and on arriving at the fixture Prince Henry greeted many of his old hunting friends and acquaintances, including the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, Miss Monica Sheriffe, and Mr. Harry Cottrill.

SCENTING conditions were favourable, going was good enough, and a fast and excellent day's sport was enjoyed. I regret to say, however, that Mr. Robert Welwyn, of Newlands, Langar, sustained serious injuries as the result of a fall, while his mount was killed instantly. The Duke of Gloucester has taken Melton Spinney, near Melton Mowbray, and it is expected that the Prince of Wales and, possibly, the Duke of York will hunt from there after the New Year.

THE majority of North-country fox-hunters will have it that the Bilsdale, which traces its origin to



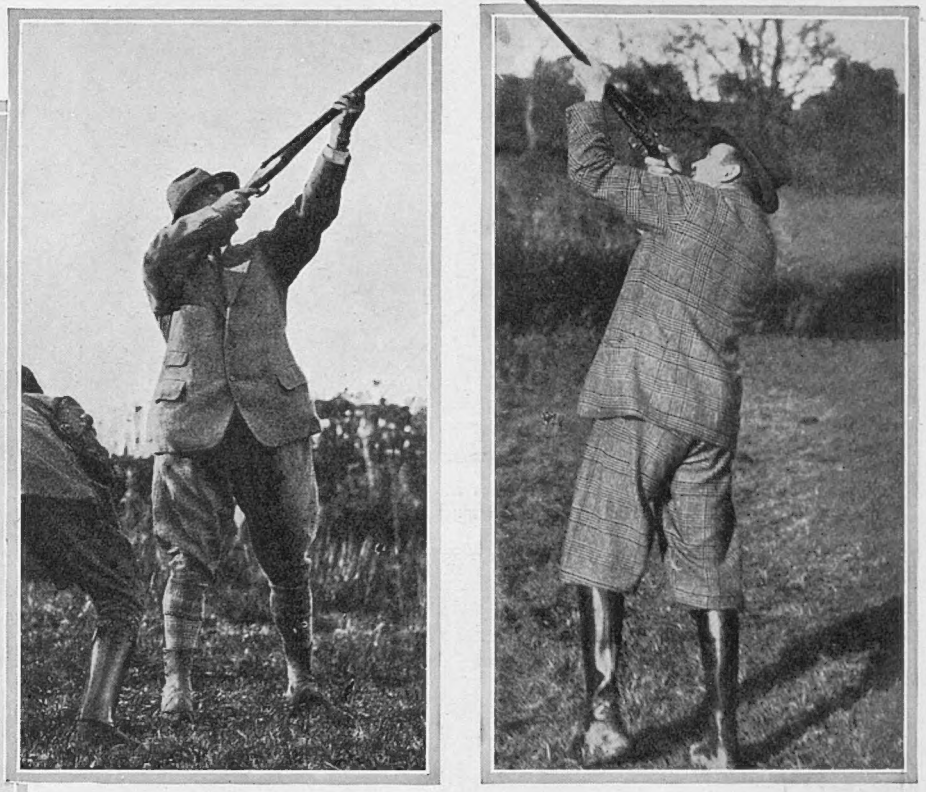
AN IRISH WEDDING—

Capt. Sean Collins-Powell, a nephew of the late General Michael Collins, and Miss Patricia Dunne leaving the church at Howth after their wedding last week. The guard of honour was formed by Capt. Collins-Powell's brother officers in the Armoured Car Corps of the Irish Free State Army

Douglas

MISS MARJORIE SUZANNE DU CROS

Who is engaged to Mr. Richard Atherley Jenks, the elder son of Sir Maurice and Lady Jenks, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London. She is the daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady (Maude) du Cros



OUT WITH THE GUNS

On the left the Duke of Somerset is seen in action during Lieut.-Colonel J. Bennett-Stanford's shoot at Pythouse, Tisbury, Wilts. On the right Prince Arthur of Connaught bags a bird during the Duke of Westminster's shoot at Llangollen, North Wales

RECENT WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

—AND A SCOTTISH ONE

Mr. Berowald Alfred Innes, of the Black Watch, and Miss Betty Ido Sandeman, the daughter of the late Mr. Alastair Sandeman and of Mrs. Sandeman, being piped from the church after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton The bridegroom is the son of Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Innes

Sir Richard Leighton and his fiancée, Miss Kathleen Lees, whose engagement was recently announced, seen leaving Sir Richard's seat, Loton Park, Shrewsbury. Miss Lees is the daughter of Major A. E. Lees, of Rowton Castle, which is within two miles of Loton Park

1670, is the oldest hunt in the kingdom. Unless I am mistaken, however, the Berkeley is at least half a century older still. Be this as it may, both the Bilsdale and the adjoining pack, the Sinnington, owe their institution to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the latter hunt dating back to 1680.

Lord Acton and the Hon. Daphne Strutt, after their wedding last week at the Chelsea Register Office. The bride, who is the only daughter of Lord Rayleigh, wore no hat at the wedding

Bassano

MISS JANET JAMES

Whose engagement to Surgeon-Lieutenant D. A. Newbery, R.N., the younger son of the late Rev L. A. McC. Newbery, has been announced. The daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. B. R James, she is a granddaughter of Lord Shuttleworth

UNTIL comparatively recent years both packs were trencher-fed, and up to 1891 the huntsman and whipper-in of the Sinnington actually found their own horses out of their respective wages. It is to be feared that this arrangement would not pan out very satisfactorily nowadays.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Follow the market! This is the soundest early season system for those who can travel the National Hunt meetings.

I shall soon have information of horses that have been the medium for big betting and have failed. These are the animals to follow up with a level stake.

Another good hint is to speculate in first favourite doubles.

LONE EAGLE II, an American bred invader, is steadily getting acclimatised. Is a fine jumper and looks all quality. Will win hurdle races up to two miles.

ROYAL SCOT jumped well at Cheltenham and outpointed all others in the race. A form horse to follow.

ARGUIDE is considered by many good judges to be a good proposition for steeplechasing. Showed promise at Catterick Bridge.

GOLDEN MILLER has done well over hurdles recently and is expected to score in the Moderate 'Chase at Newbury this week.

BALLYHALBERT is fancied for a Juvenile Hurdle race at Gatwick. Has showed improvement in his jumping.

SONG OF ESSEX is now in fine trim. Suited by present conditions, he should be an early winner. Keep an eye on him at Newbury.

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three . . . hello, hello, Baa . . . darling, I've just been given the most attractive present . . . a wide silver bracelet, made about 1880. . . . All Victorian jewellery is fashionable now. . . . Nina Seafield has got a wonderful collection . . . especially in carved coral . . . and so has the Ranee of Sarawak . . . who often wears a little gold portmanteau-shaped locket on a short chain. . .

WANDA BAILLIE-HAMILTON has appeared in some lovely old-fashioned emerald earrings with a plaque to match. . . . I wonder if her mother, Marion Holden, gave them to her, because Marion's collection of unusual jewels is well known and of great interest. . . .

THE MARQUIS DE BRISSAC, who is engaged to Lady Moira Forbes, is not only a wonderful rider, but also has a most charming sense of humour. . . . He is very good-looking, and when he was over here several years ago broke . . . or maybe only bent . . . several fair hearts. . . . It was then he was brave enough to sport a gold and platinum bracelet . . . on which there hung a tale . . . so I am told. . . .

WHAT an excitement over our dress expenditures, Baa! . . . I think Lady Cunard's statement was too absurd. . . . Poor Emerald, chattering hard as usual, couldn't have foreseen the harm she would do Society. . . . Most people I know spend carefully and wisely . . . especially those who have to dress for a variety of occasions. . . .

ONE of the chicest people is Poppy Thursby . . . who has very little to spend . . and I always think that Bunting Stephenson, who works for her living, looks quite as nice as her friends who spend large sums. . . .

TALKING of dresses, have you heard the awful row over a white satin and diamanté? . . . A lovely lady was told to choose one, but, unfortunately, the shop she selected as the one in which to make her purchase belonged to a great friend of the payee's wife. . . .

I SAW Diana Cooper off to America. She was looking so sweet . . . but sad at leaving Julius . . . who is only two years old. . . . People think nothing of running backwards and forwards to America these days . . . while a few years ago it was considered a grand journey. . . .

I THINK that Ann Armstrong-Jones is one of our very loveliest marrieds, of whom we do not hear enough . . . perhaps because she is so often with the artistic crowd. . . . Kathleen Queensberry has done a pleasing portrait of her at the Royal Society, but it is not unduly flattering. . . .

Lenare

MISS KATHERINE HORLICK

Who was one of the most energetic workers in aid of the St. Andrew's Revel which took place at the Café de Paris last week. It was organised by the Scottish Women's Hospitals Memorial Association in aid of the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital

IT is becoming very chic to be photographed "en famille." . . One starts with an engagement. . . . I believe Lord Glenconner was one of the first pioneers of this. . . . When he became engaged to Pamela Paget . . . they had a photograph of their heads in profile with naked shoulders. . That was some years ago, and there was much comment. . but now everyone poses together . . . as originally as possible.

HAVE you heard about the married couple who tried to be taken with their son and heir for a Christmas card? . . . The latter refused to appear without Nanny . . . so the card is to be "à deux." . . . However, whatever the Socialists may say, some Mayfair children are devoted to their mothers, and do see a lot of them. . . . Lady Stern is often in the Park with hers, and they all adore her. . . . Michael Bendix finds his pretty mother a perfect playmate . . . and Marjorie Brecknock spends hours in the nursery. . . .

IN spite of graceful dresses, how few people walk well. . . . I see women striding along . . . or slouching, with their arms folded across their tummies. . . . There is one person in particular, Baa, who does that—you know who I mean, as she is always at the Embassy and the Bobbin. . . . However, Veronica Blackwood moves beautifully. . . .

THERE is a row over Richmond Park, and a romance. . . . Unfortunately, old eyes can see, and a bitter tongue can talk. . . . The parents of the young lovely are furious and have forbidden "him" the house. . . However, I expect love will find a way . .

BAA, I must hurry away. I am off to the hairdresser. . What is all this Press talk of a Mingle'? . . . I don't believe it exists . in hairdressing, I mean . . à bientôt .

CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS—EXTENSION NIGHTS

Place.	Extension Night	Hour	Entertainments
AMBASSADORS CLUB	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
BERKELEY	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret.
CAFÉ ANGLAIS ..	Fri.	2 a.m.	The Westerns.
CAFÉ DE PARIS ..	Wed.	2 a.m.	Miss Iris Ashley; W. Walker.
CIRO'S CLUB ..	Wed.	2 a.m.	Ten Kentucky Singers; Kingsman's Band.
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL..	—	—	Sunday Dance Gala & Cabaret with Collins' Band.
DORCHESTER HOTEL	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Arthur Lally's orchestra.
EMBASSY CLUB ..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	No cabaret.
EMPRESS ROOMS, ..	Fri.	2 a.m.	Hutch and his Revellers.
HUNGARIA	Tues.	2 a.m.	Hungaria orches., 11.30-12.15.
KIT-CAT	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at 10 and midnight.
MAY FAIR HOTEL ..	Wed.	2 a.m.	Ambrose's orchestra.
THE MONSEIGNEUR..	Varies	2 a.m.	Florence Desmond, 10 and midnight.
PICCADILLY HOTEL..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Piccadilly Revels, Rest. at midnight.
QUAGLINO'S	Wed.	2 a.m.	Mme. Toumanova; Van Straten's Band.
ROMANO'S	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
SAVOY	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret 10.15 and midnight.
TROCADERO	Fri.	2 a.m	C. B. Cochran's supper time "Creation."

BY KEM

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Uncle Sam controls the strings of the marionettes represented by Dr. Sze (left), Messrs. Lerroux, Von Bülow, Scialoga, Briand, Sir F. R. Drummond, Sir John Simon, Lord Cecil and M. Yoshizawa

Paris has her own traffic problem which is quite as acute as our own, due largely to her cumbersome two-car trams, which impede fast-moving traffic. The photograph, taken outside the Gare St. Lazare, shows the way these trams, which are shortly to be replaced by up-to-date double-decked buses, hinder the progress of the other traffic

Eva Drury and Raymond, the English dancers, who are great favourites with Paris audiences. They are starting in the new revue which is now running at the Casino de Paris

PARIS TO-DAY

By ETHEL MANNIN

HEAVENS! what it is to get back to Paris again, and smell the familiar smell of coffee, French cigarettes, and garlic, which is for ever Paris! I'm not sure that it isn't more insidious than the smell of the South.

I am writing this on St. Catherine's Eve, and the shops are full of St. Catherine's-bonnet postcards, a kind of Valentine with tiny silk or cotton "boudoir caps" stitched to them, and bearing the legend "Vive St. Catherine." I have a wonderful one which has a dove made of white feathers carrying the bonnet in its beak, and the encouraging words, "Vous n'attendrez pas en vain, Un cœur est sur votre chemin." Just the right sort of thing to send a maiden aunt, you know!

THERE is a movement afoot to restore the Paris street-singers. Perhaps you didn't know that street-singers aren't allowed in Paris? I didn't; but an application is being made to the Préfet de Police for this old law to be rescinded, so we look as though we are in for a revival of those old French chansons which at present we only hear at cabarets which cater for tourists. It might enliven café life, but how the singers are going to make themselves heard above the scream of the motor-horns is something which presumably only they know!

And here's another amusing item of interest I have just "gleaned"—small horticultural classes are held in the Senate gardens by the Luxembourg, together with lessons in bee-keeping, and in these gardens there are some old pear-trees which yield seven thousand francs' worth of produce annually—all of which goes straight into the Senate budget (*all* of it!). The honey, however, is given to the people at the classes. I thought you'd like to know.

PARIS at the moment is full of interesting things to see at the theatre and cinema. The pièce de scandale just now is *Un Taciturne*—Roger Martin du Gard's play of a "strange friendship," at the Comédie des Champs-Elysées. It is produced by Charles Dulin, one of the best-known producers in France, and "everyone" is talking about it.

There is a Tchekhoff season here; and a new Pirandello play; and *The Beggar's Opera* has been made into a talkie in French and German, and is being done at the little Ursuline studio, where *The Blue Angel* has had so long a run. Both versions give quite a new interpretation of the play—and neither, I am told, are much like the original! Can you imagine anything as English as Gay presented from either the Teutonic or the French point of view?

Ludmilla Pitoëff is playing *St. Joan* again after her bout of Ibsen. I am told that Shaw himself considers this actress the best interpreter of the rôle. Alice Cocea is playing in Harwood's *Route des Indes*; she is one of the leading "boulevard" actresses of the moment.

RECENTLY at the Elysée-Gaumont I saw Dreiser's *American Tragedy*—produced by Von Sternberg, who did *The Blue Angel*. It is a magnificent

film from every point of view—restrained, sensitive acting, beautiful photography, and so skilful an economy of essential incident that the whole of that immense novel is condensed into a two-hour play without giving one the feeling that anything has been omitted or altered to suit the purpose of film production. Phillips Holmes is excellent as the tragic Clyde Griffiths—he has both the necessary sensitiveness and boyishness, and admirably conveys the right degree of suppressed emotion. Where the film fails, to my mind, is in inadequately conveying the tremendous psychological conflict that went on in the boy Clyde before he could bring himself to the point of taking poor little Roberta out on the lake with the intention of drowning her. Unless one had read the book one might well see him as merely heartless and selfish, instead of the pitiful victim of circumstance and environment which Dreiser makes him. But distinctly one of the better films and well worth seeing, though, as at "Front Page" at the same cinema, it was shown to an empty house the night I went. I hear that all-English seasons do not do well here—the Capucines tried it and had to give it up, though there are several other film theatres, besides the Gaumont-Elysées, persevering with the idea. There is a permanent English season at the Edouard VII, the Washington, and the Pantheon.

As to bars, one has only to return to Paris after as little as a fortnight away, to find old ones closed down and new ones opened. "The Jockey Club" in the Boulevard Montparnasse is as shabby—and as popular—as ever. "Dinah's," near by, with a lighted ocean liner in its dark window, is new to me, and so, too, is "Les Boîtes des Matelots" across the road—with more ship effects, the outside being designed to represent the sides of a ship, with portholes for windows. This ship idea seems to be the craze for bars in Paris just now—there is one very similar to the Matelots in the Place de l'Odéon, and the Automat in the Boul' Mich' is also got up to look like a ship. And modern lighting is everywhere, in bars, cafés, restaurants.

In the American bar of La Coupole the other night I met that brilliant young American painter, Eugene Macgowan, who recently had a successful show in New York, and is now about to have one here at the Vignon Gallery. He is one of the few resident Parisian painters who don't look like artists—that is to say, he "manages" without a beard or eccentric dress . . . which makes "a nice change."

I also ran into "Dodi" Todds, erstwhile editress of *Vogue*, in the same bar. She asked me if I was doing much work, and added, "But, of course, nobody does nowadays, do they?" Nevertheless, she herself seems to get through a good deal, running about all over Paris collecting gossip for the Paris *Semaine*. She was telling me about the Hindu fortune-teller—or "thought-reader," or whatever he likes to be called—whose face looks out at one from positively every French paper and magazine one picks up. His method of fortune-telling is to hand his client strips of paper and then to sit some distance away and answer any questions put to him—and the answers appear written on the slips in the client's hand, without those slips ever having left it or Hamid Khan having left his seat. I asked her if the answers given were accurate, and she admitted that she couldn't decipher the writing, but the fact that there should be any writing at all on slips of paper put clean into one's hand, and never having left it, is itself remarkable enough. But I am not calling on him myself; life is quite complicated and difficult enough as it is without delving into the psychic and occult!

A study by "Kem" of M. Laval, the French Premier. Both Europe and America are waiting with keen interest to see what action France will take over the vexed question of War Debts

A "SUNSPOT"

Outside the Palais de la Mediterranée, Nice. The Riviera is doing its best to attract visitors and is starting to fill up, although English people are scarce as yet. The hotels have greatly reduced their charges to meet the decline in the pound sterling

Do you remember the five Cossacks who used to sing so delightfully at Taglioni's (before Taglioni dissociated himself with the restaurant of that name), and who were one of the numbers at the recent ballet season, with Karsavina and the Marie Rambert dancers? They are now at the Ermitage Moscovite in the Rue Caumartin—singing "Ai-ai-ai" in the good old style.

E. M.

THE THEATRE: THE AUTUMN HARVEST

By Vernon Woodhouse

A LULL before a storm of new productions gives me an opportunity of appraising the autumn harvest of plays and noting whether the theatre in its attempt to fight the picture palaces is managing to hold its own. On the whole I think the theatre is putting up quite a good show, for, it must be remembered, that though every failure in the theatre is shouted from the house-tops, films which flop—and there are many of them—fade away without undue publicity.

MONEY is tight in these times, and with people cutting down their expenses it is obvious that all places of entertainment feel the draught, but when the stage has something good to offer playgoers flock to see the show no matter how hard times may be. One of the biggest theatres in London is packed to capacity every night. Noel Coward with *Cavalcade* has blown sky-high the mistaken idea that only spectacular American musical comedy can fill Drury Lane. This is the outstanding success of the autumn season, and its popularity is deserved.

THE craze for producing American plays has, indeed, received its quietus and the English dramatist is coming into his own, but I hope that this does not mean that when America has something *good* to send us we shall not see it. Personally, I should welcome warmly another play as clever as *The Queen's Husband* at the Ambassadors, by Sherwood Anderson, which is filling one of the smallest theatres in London as *Cavalcade* is filling the biggest.

OTHER autumn successes are *The Case of the Frightened Lady* at Wyndham's which shows Edgar Wallace at his very best, and, incidentally, is helped enormously by the acting of Gordon Harker, who is becoming a "star" of the first magnitude. It is the presence of a "star" which also has helped the box office at the Playhouse, where Gladys Cooper is appearing in a somewhat gloomy play, *The Painted Veil,* founded on a story by Somerset Maugham, and at the Saville, where Bobby Howes' humour has many chances of displaying itself in H. F. Maltby's *For the Love of Mike,* which is far from gloomy, and where occasional songs and dances are interpolated when the plot is in need of a rest.

HOW far a big name attracts the public is a moot point, but I am sure Henry Ainley's has helped to put the new Westminster Theatre on the map where *The Anatomist* is being played. Another play, which received a somewhat mixed reception from the Press, is showing that notices do not matter very much at the Phœnix Theatre, where Marie Tempest's countless admirers are enjoying her performance in *Little Catherine.* This brilliant comedienne has now got over her first-night nervousness, with enormous advantage to a play which combines spectacle with naughtiness.

A new portrait of Binnie Hale, who is to play a leading part in "Bow Bells," the new revue which is to be presented at the London Hippodrome, this month

IT is not often that an actor jumps straight into public favour, but an instance of this occurred at the Palace Theatre this autumn when the musical *Viktoria and Her Hussar* was produced. The actor the British public at once took to its bosom was the comedian, Oskar Denes, who came, who laughed, who conquered. There was some bad miscasting to start with in this play, but Oskar Denes carried the show on his shoulders until Harry Welchman was given his proper part and a new heroine found.

WITH *Counsel's Opinion* at the Strand, showing Owen Nares and Isabel Jeans engaged in airy persiflage, and *There's Always Juliet* at the Apollo, in which Herbert Marshall and Edna Best fall into each other's arms every night and on Thursday and Saturday matinees, the season's crop cannot be considered a bad one, despite the fact that the production of *Salome* at the Savoy proved that the reputation of Oscar Wilde as a dramatic poet was wholly undeserved.

THERE are several plays which, produced earlier, still continue to attract. Two of the music-halls controlled by Sir Oswald Stoll where musical comedies were produced both hit the mark. At the Coliseum *White Horse Inn* still finds many customers, and the Strauss music in *Waltzes from Vienna,* at the Alhambra, shows what a big public there is for lilting melody.

THAT thoroughly English play, *The Good Companions,* at His Majesty's, is also having a deservedly long run, but the record is held by *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* at the Queen's, the last nights of which are now being announced. On January 2 next year Mr. Barrett will cease to bully his family, after having done so for fifteen months. Here, again, I am sure much of the success achieved was due to the acting, for Cedric Hardwicke's performance as Mr. Barrett, following other fine character studies, stamps him as one of the best actors that the English stage has seen for years.

H. H. HARRIS SHOWS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE THEATRES?

FLYING NOTES

The American film stars, John Gilbert and Lupe Velez, who recently visited London, seen in Paris. They are about to board the Air Union 'plane, "Golden Ray," en route for Cherbourg

'PLANE TALES FROM THE SKY

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Viceroy to Set the Pace

To the elephant, the Rolls-Royce, and the White Train, each in turn playing some part as Viceregal transport, is to be added the aeroplane. Its use is not intended primarily to save time, but to economise in the cost of special patrols which are necessary whenever His Excellency moves from one part of the country to another. It will, in fact, reduce travelling time by more than 100 per cent. and obviate the necessity for tedious night journeys which are a particular curse in a hot country. Captain Neville Vincent is on his way to India with one of the Avro Ten monoplanes which had been ordered for the much-advertised Indian State Service, and which is to be used now by the Viceroy. The machine is of the Fokker type, built under licence in England, and has three Armstrong Siddeley engines, which give it a fair turn of speed. His Excellency is reputed to be fond of flying, and Lady Willingdon flew from Delhi to Calcutta recently in a Puss Moth, so that she evidently appreciates the advantages of air travel.

Australia to the Rescue

So that there shall be at least one exchange of greetings between Australia and England this year, private enterprise has come to the rescue, and an Australian National Airways' machine, the Southern Sun, is due at Croydon to-morrow, carrying more than 50,000 letters. It will leave again on December 9th, with mail which should be delivered over the greater part of Australia by Christmas Day. The regular air mail service from London to Cape Town will be opened on January 20, the first homeward despatch being due to leave Cape Town on January 25. The journey will take eleven days during the first few months of operation, after which eight of the latest type Armstrong Siddeley air liners are to be put into service, enabling time to be cut by at least one day, if not more. No further improvement on time schedules can be expected without night flying. Few people seem to know that there is a special letter box at Imperial Airways' offices at Victoria Station, where air mails for Paris, India and Africa can be posted as late as one minute before the departure of the motor coach to Croydon. The box is cleared at 11.44 a.m. each day, the Paris service being a daily affair, that to Africa departing on Wednesday, and to India on Saturday.

A glimpse of the booking hall which Imperial Airways have opened at Victoria Station. All machines are well filled, particularly the Handley Page forty-seaters, which are the last word in comfort

Advantages of a Good Name

Of the many firms specialising in private charter work and instruction, British Air Transport, Ltd., of Croydon, is in a unique position, having a name so easily remembered, an excellent office in the central booking hall, and a fleet comprising four different types of machine. Recent work carried out by this concern includes aerial photography of social events for a London daily, taxi flights to the Continent for Lancashire cotton interests, and instruction under a new scheme whereby both "A" and "B" licences can be obtained for a fixed charge. Insurance cover for £500 is included with the fee of £45 for an "A" certificate, and cover for £1,000 with the fee of £300 for a "B." Incidentally, there is no better airport in the country for night flying practice than Croydon.

A Note for the Diary

On Friday next, December 4, the London Flying Club is holding its annual dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel, and on the same night the Hampshire and Yorkshire clubs have similar festivities at Portsmouth and Harrogate respectively.

Modern Transport

It can be only a few years ago that people ridiculed the idea that motor coaches would ever rival the railways, and yet we witnessed a scramble for position on the roads in which the Big Four were not too proud to take part. The same sort of thing will happen as regards air transport, and those who are early in the field should make money. The railway companies have acquired Parliamentary powers to construct airports and run air services, though they have not so far taken advantage of the concession.

CANADA TO-DAY

THE EMPIRE'S MOST CATHOLIC CITY

The giant C.P.R. liner, Empress of Britain, arrives up the St. Lawrence at Quebec. The romantic past and the practical present are happily blended in this wonderful French-speaking city

By LADY TERRINGTON

Canada to-day is so important to the Empire, both socially and economically, that Lady Terrington is travelling through the Dominion recording her impressions for "The Bystander." This, her second article, deals with Quebec.

I CAME to Quebec to write of week-end parties and the gay doings of the idle rich. I came prepared to find a glorified "road house," and motor cars white with the dust of miles. I found instead that I had stepped back three hundred years, and I came away with the memory of an English home—a cloistered nun with a vast knowledge of English politics—and the most kindly and courteous welcome from the King's Representative and one of the finest gentlemen in the Province.

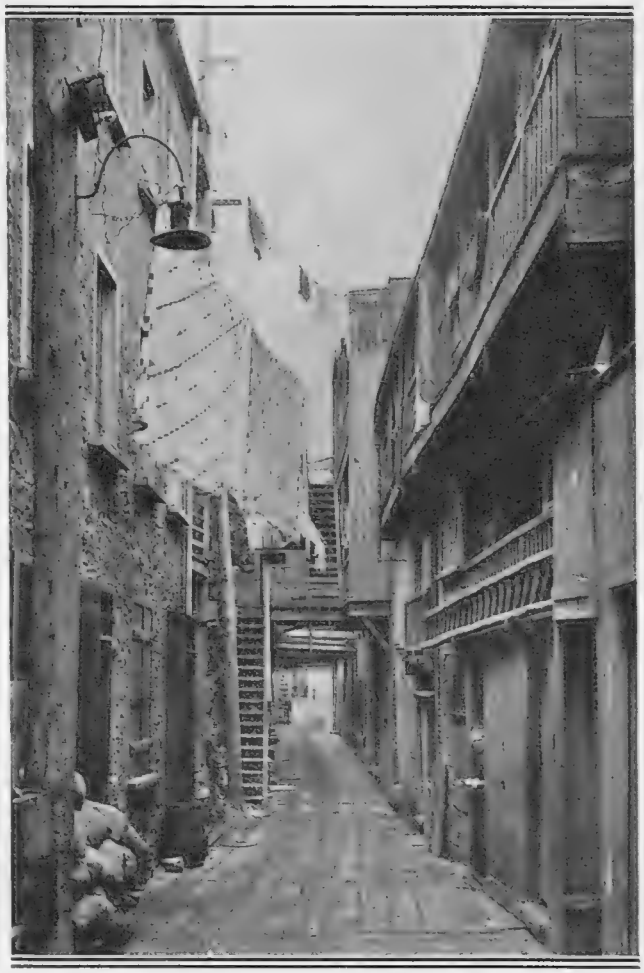
QUEBEC is like that. It gets you. Aloof and smiling, it sits on a rocky throne and laughs at the antics of the modern world. Quebec is so steeped in history that the very streets cry out its greatness, and those who come to the City of Churches to mock—remain to pray.

I am glad I came down the river by night. Glad that I was homesick—and glad that my first glimpse of the city was gleaming spires against a storm-wracked sky. I watched the lights of the ship grow fainter as she slipped down the Straits to home. Had I seen Quebec first in the sunlight I should never have found the great heart of her nor the sorrow that has given her understanding.

A CITY of contrasts. A French-speaking people under the British flag. Streets that touch each other and immense churches that hold thousands. Silk nightdresses for sale in the house that sheltered Montcalm before the Battle of the Plains, and a towering grey fortress overshadowing a gleaming white liner.

THERE is only one way to know a city and that is to go round alone. To talk to people and to discover its secrets. It is one of my many failings that I never know the right from the left, and, having asked my way to the Basilica, I found myself in Sous le Cap, the narrowest street in North America. This cannot be Quebec, it is Naples! Two khaki-clad soldiers came towards me. I asked them the way. They answered me in French. The King's soldiers who do not speak the King's English. This is Quebec.

IN 1637 thirteen devout women set out from France to teach the little Indian children. Marie de l'Incarnation, "the holy widow," led the band. Through strife and warfare, hunger and danger, the nuns stayed on, and, after the British flag was hoisted over the Citadel, these Ursuline sisters closed their doors on the world. Their work continues, and to-day their school shelters the descendants of the first Canadians. I rang a bell and through the grille heard a voice: "The nuns are cloistered, no visitor may enter here." "Je suis Catholic, ma mere." "Bien, entrez, ma fille." And I passed into the Convent that guards a fragment of the Holy Cross, a relic of the Crown of Thorns, and the remains of France's hero, the Marquis of Montcalm.



THE NARROWEST STREET IN CANADA

A view of Sous le Cap Street, in Quebec, where the old houses almost touch, so narrow is the street

WOLFE made history in Quebec. Queen Victoria's father has left his mark on the City. Famous men and women have all passed through and stayed awhile to dream, but it is Ramsay MacDonald who is the hero of the Ursulines. They hear little of the outside world in those quiet green gardens, and they remember every word of his when he visited them. How many of these sweet women searched their minds for Scottish ancestry when he came again to keep a promise to the Scottish nuns; and how many of the people of Britain realise that all through the trying time of the Election the prayers of these women were going up for the Country and for the man. Contrasts again. But enough of politics!

THE little sister showed me the pride of the convent, the skull of Montcalm. One hundred and fifty years ago the French General was buried in a shell-hole in the chapel walls, and now his skull is preserved, beautifully varnished, in a glass case. "You will look, ma fille—you do not fear death!" And from there to the lamp which has burned continuously since 1717, an act of faith by a girl.

RELIGION is everywhere in the City. There are 133,000 inhabitants, of whom 124,000 are Catholics. There are forty-two churches and thirty-seven convents. I do not think anyone has ever counted the monasteries or the hospitals. It is more French than France, and more Catholic than Rome. Priests and nuns hurry through the streets, and boys from the seminary still wear the costume of the seventeenth century.

Lunch-time and I stepped from the year 1608 into an English drawing-room.

I WONDER what quality it is in the Englishwoman that makes a home anywhere? Cream walls, old prints, shining walnut furniture and chintz . . . flowers. The only private home I have seen in Canada which was filled with flowers. Soup, steak, and a soufflée. In Canada our lunch is usually a salad, real English tea, and a cigarette box that plays tunes. An Englishwoman happily married, loving her home, and yet always yearning for the fogs of the Old Country.

QUEBEC BRIDGE again, this time watching the ships go underneath. Canadians are justly proud of this great feat of engineering. "The Forth Bridge," they say, "why, everyone has heard of it, and how many know of *our* bridge," 133,000,000 pounds in weight. Everything is in pounds. It sounds so much more! A bridge with two car roads, pathways, and a railway track.

The woods along the St. Lawrence are a burnished glory—a smell of burning leaves that brings back Hyde Park, and Haslemere.

Spencerwood—the home of the Lieutenant-Governor. A low white house, purely Colonial. I was nervous. He is the representative of the King.

I LOST my French, stammered a few conventional sentences, and in perfect English this French representative of the British King said, "Won't you come and see my flowers?"

I thought I had lost my heart years ago—perhaps I have two. Some part of me will always remain in that quiet house among the portraits of the former residents, and in the room where the picture of Queen Victoria in her youthful beauty smiled on the sleeping Prince of Wales.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ, patron saint of the sailor man, and miracle worker, surpassing the miracles of Lourdes. The Scala Santa, where no one may pass except on bended knees. Kent House, where Victoria's father lived, in sound of Montmorency Falls.

ALL this is Quebec. Her countryside where only French is taught in the schools. Her fine modern apartment buildings looking over the silver ribbon of the river. Her bustling docks and her paper mills. Her great Château Frontenac, formerly the site of the Viceroy's palace. All these I know, but the memories I shall take away with me will be of a business man in a bowler hat climbing the sacred staircase of St. Anne on his knees; and the scent of the carnations from the Lieutenant-Governor's garden.

BY BEAUVAIS

GEORGE LANSBURY

My almost pre-historic man,
Westminster's little Peter Pan,
I'm glad you have popped up again
Instead of "one more Tory gain."
I have such jolly memories
Of your benign activities.
We let you potter round the parks
And quite enjoyed your little larks.
Your frolics on the Serpentine
We thought were simply too divine.
But now that you alone remain
To chant dead Labour's dull refrain
And lead that decimated band,
It's not at all what Fate had planned
In fact, your whiskery old face
Now seems absurdly out of place B.

"GLEAMING SPIRES AGAINST A STORM-WRACKED SKY"

An impressive silhouette of Quebec, as seen from Levis, across the St. Lawrence River. The citizens are justifiably proud of the Quebec Bridge, with its two car roads, pathways and railway track

BY HYNES

"It wasn't exactly what he said, Sir, it was the way he said it!"

if Gossip we must

FOR having been so long a voice crying in the wilderness in the matter of protesting against the present licensing regulations and the continued existence of "Dora," I am duly proud. Only last week I marvelled that, with the Government's enormous majority and a vastly powerful Press, the protests in other quarters have been negligible. Now the *Daily Mail* has brought up its big guns and the *Evening Standard* has something to say on the subject of the treatment of clubs.

YOU may have thought that an Englishman's home is his castle and that his club is on exactly the same footing as his home. You would be wrong. The hours of clubs and of public-houses are, legally speaking, identical, and both are under the police. Before the War a club could remain open until any hour by resolution of its committee. Now application has to be made to the police station.

THE police, although usually civil, are chary of granting as a favour that which should belong to club members as a right. Not long ago a well-known club decided to sponsor a sort of cabaret and asked permission, which was given, for a special extension of hours. A request that on the following night, on its own premises, drinks should be on sale until 12 o'clock midnight met with a peremptory refusal, the reason for it being that two late nights a week would be bad for the members—hard-working, responsible, and, in many cases, eminent folk, fathers of families, most of them. And yet they are treated as if they are vicious schoolboys. Another club—a cock-and-hen affair of indisputable respectability, with royalty among its clients—is not allowed to have a supper licence for some months yet, as it has "not been open long enough."

Sasha

Jessie Matthews tries to induce a walking-on gentleman to take the (dog) lead. She is the leading lady in "Hold My Hand," the musical play which is due at the Gaiety on Wednesday, the 23rd December, after a try-out in the North

Sasha

A scene from "Little Catherine," the naughty historical play with a Russian background at the Phœnix Theatre, showing Madeleine Carroll as Catherine being cross-examined by the Empress Elizabeth (Marie Tempest), in order to discover why her husband, Peter, will have nothing to do with his wife

NEARLY every day I hear of clubs of the lesser sort being raided. Raided for what? For selling drinks, or for being suspected of selling them,

By Hilary

So I said, "My *dear* Win," I said, "if you loathe him," I said, "why did you *let* him kiss you?" And she said, "Well," she said, "I can't be downright rude to someone one hardly knows," she said

Sasha

Another scene from "Little Catherine," at the Phœnix Theatre. The picture shows Peter (Harold Huth), centre, who, for reasons of State, is to marry Catherine, staging a scene in which his importance will be stressed when they first meet. Peter is remarking, "All the rest of you stand round me in attitudes of profound respect"

"make-up" and a big, booming voice, and whom I had imagined to be above these little pettifogging expeditions, would tell his policemen to devote more time to the things that really matter.

S

CRIME is on the increase. Murders remain undiscovered, almost as a matter of course, and we have burglaries, smash-and-grab raids, robberies with violence, arrests for which are the exception rather than the rule. Why is this growing lack of efficiency on the part of the police in matters for which they are primarily intended? It is because they are set to potter about such footling jobs as finding out whether a glass of beer is being served at 10.5 instead of 9.55 p.m. The other day Sir Montagu Sharpe, Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, asking the Grand Jury about this increase of crime, received the most sensible reply that if the police devoted less time to technical offences and more to the detection of real offences it would be better for everyone concerned.

S

MEANWHILE, private parties continue, particularly of the more bizarre sort. At one of these the host, a dark young man, looked, I am told by several people who were present, simply "adorable" in white silk, with a muff made of real narcissi and some diamond bangles. That is the sort of thing which impels me to violent nausea or to join the Labour Party, or both. As a champion, within reason, of liberty for everyone, I do not object to people taking their fun in this odd way if they feel "so dispoged"; the better plan is, perhaps, to pooh-pooh it—or even to Winnie the Pooh-pooh it. But I cannot congratulate those who go in for this sort of imbecile extravagance on their efforts to bring nearer a revolution from which they would be the first to run with lisping squeals. This party, by the way, was labelled a red-and-white party. Even the at a time when they are publicly on sale on the Continent. These so-called night-clubs are not dens of vice or anything of the sort—and I know most of them. At their worst they are dull. They are merely striving to make London a shade more civilised. Unfortunately, they are breaking the law in doing so. Although I hold no brief for lawlessness, I do wish that Lord Trenchard, who has a strong

OLGA LINDO *Walter Bird*

Who plays the dashing, daring widow in "For the Love of Mike." This entertaining show has proved a big winner at the new Saville Theatre

invitation cards were red with white lettering. Ernest Thesiger looked marvellous, and there were plenty of young things from Oxford. If someone were to give a Black-and-White party I would adore to go if only I could make up my mind what sort of flowers to get for my muff.

IN my old friend Starr Wood's illustrations to "The Snark's Annual" there is an atmosphere of a more robust type. Starr Wood is one of those black-and-white artists (small "b" and "w" this time) who are amusing both off and on paper. White of face and white of hair, Starr is a genial veteran who would have done well on the music-hall stage had he not chosen a more restful occupation. His recitation with a dressmaker's model as his companion is something to be seen and heard and remembered and then enjoyed again. Starr's drawings have the Phil May touch about them. I have liked his pretty girls for more years than I can remember, and he has yet to draw a picture without a point to it, and, what is more, a very good point, too.

BY STUART PARKER

"Here comes Mr. Cazbolt, dear. I've always wanted you to meet him"

IT is good to know that Margaret Bannerman is to have an excellent part on the films, that she will, in fact, be in a film with Adolphe Menjou, with whom she is to "co-star"—a horrid word, but a pleasant enough occupation for the co-star-mongers. "Bunny" Bannerman is as charming as she is beautiful, and she has brains to match; she has had a run of stage bad luck quite long enough for it to change. I think she will be a big success on the films. So (and this is more important, for he is a great expert) does Lawrence Howard, whom I met at the pleasant flat "Bunny" and Anthony Prinsep, her husband, have just taken in Stratton Street. Mr. Howard is a big man in Hollywood, has an American accent and an American wife. He is, in fact, an Englishman, and was at school at Ongar, in Essex. But he did not linger in Ongar longer than he could possibly help, and soon dashed across the Atlantic to make money, lots of it. He declares that there is no feeling in America against British films (I wonder!), and that this British film is to be

SWEETS TO THE SWEETMAKER

Davy Burnaby, as the pastrycook who bears the remarkable names of Hieronymus Ebezeder, enjoys seeing double when that double comprises the Blackburn Twins, in a scene from "Waltzes from Vienna." This musical play is still going with a swing at the Alhambra

THAT UNDRESS QUESTION

Mr. C. B. Cochran has had enormous difficulty in finding a Venus for his new show "Helen!" "Venus, unfortunately, must be dressed like a goddess," he said in an interview, "and most English girls are too clothes-conscious to appear natural in the scanty attire of the ancients."

MY figure, as I'm often told,
Is really too divine.
Whene'er it's viewed by young or old
It fires their blood like wine.
For very seldom you'll behold
A comeliness like mine.

My lovely locks of platinum
Adorn a shapely head.
My lips are like geranium
They're such a luscious red.
And then my eyes can strike you dumb
Or turn the strongest head.

Both nether limbs (I'm so genteel!)
Are shapely, neat and straight,
From rounded thighs to dainty heel
They really are a treat.
And though it's wrong to boast I feel
My beauty is complete.

If Mr. Cochran bade me go
And don a diver's kit
Or dress up as an Esquimau
I would not mind a bit;
But to appear half nude!—oh, no,
I could not think of it!

For up to now Success is mine,
My rivals I have strafed,
So it would be just asinine
To shed clothes fore and aft,
For, minus raiment, I opine
I'd surely feel the draught! B. W.

THE BURGLAR JUDGE

His Honour Judge Thesiger caught in the act of burgling a writing-desk. The judge is not a modern Jekyll and Hyde, but merely a keen amateur actor—he is a brother of Ernest Thesiger, the professional actor, and is seen as Burglar Bill in a performance of "Elegant Edward," produced at Hexham, Northumberland, in aid of the local War Memorial Hospital

made expressly for subsequent showing in America.

S

THE Labour Press still seems to imagine that there is something so peculiarly sacred about Mr. Gandhi that the slightest criticism must be withheld from "the great soul" lest he should feel insulted. THE BYSTANDER has been as consistently in favour of a firm hand in India, in the widest and best sense, as it has been against any form of kow-towing to Gandhi-ism. From India I have just received an interesting letter endorsing this attitude. Since the writer is a Muslim (and Gandhi hates Muslims as the devil hates holy water), it may to some extent be regarded as an *ex parte* statement. Nevertheless, it is interesting in its point of view, and contains much sound sense. Take, for instance, the question of poverty in India, which Gandhi says is much worse than it is here. My correspondent points out that relatively poverty is much worse in England, where boots, thick clothes, coal, sound houses, etc., are required, than it is in India, where not nearly so much money is necessary. "I know people," he writes, "who do not eat meat and live on eight ounces a day and much less. What has Mr. Gandhi done for us? What hospitals has he opened? How many villages has he improved? . . . We who really love our country do not want a change of Government, but a drastic change in the top-heavy expenses."

S

MEANWHILE, the Round Table Conference is a wash-out, and, beyond acquiring a considerable amount of publicity for himself, Gandhi has done precisely nothing.

Walter Bird

DIANA CHURCHILL

Who takes the part of Nancy Forster in the new play, "Champion North." It was produced at the Royalty Theatre on Friday last

WHEN the Prince of Wales went up to congratulate Mr. Henning Grinander the other night on his perfect exhibition of skating at the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House memory twitched back reminder of those gay, brave days at Prince's Rink when the Bright Young Edwardians cut their pretty figures—in more senses than one!—on the ice. Mr. Grinander was one of the first amateur skating champions of the world, and what Wilding and the Dohertys were to old Wimbledon Henning Grinander was to Prince's. Now, of course, Prince's is a motor garage, and the lovely girls of its day are mothers, and even grandmothers, while its owner and director, the Duchess of Bedford, has exchanged circles on the ice for circles in the air.

And young hearts beat fast at Prince's in those days; perhaps young hearts were more susceptible then, or maybe amateur skating champions were better-looking. . . .

A caricature of Starr Wood by himself. A reference to this well-known artist is made on page 434

THOSE WILD, WILD WOMEN

She writes of a famous explorer, Ian Carstairs—a man of primitive emotions and used to uncivilised lands—and of what befell the beautiful Lady Diana Stanlier, a sophisticated young product of modern Society.

Extract of Publisher's Announcement of Barbara Cartland's new novel. With further apologies to Miss Cartland.)

CHAPTER I.
(The First.)

LADY DIANA STANLIER, a sophisticated young product of modern Society, rolled over in her bath. With one delicate toe she turned on the tap (H); with the other she lifted a cocktail to her ruby lips. At that moment the maid entered.

"Mr. Ian Carstairs, the famous explorer and used to uncivilised lands to see you, milady," the maid announced.

Lady Diana's heart beat faster at the name of the great explorer. Quickly she finished washing behind the ears and other places where marks of last night's party showed.

"Show him up, please, Hyder," Lady Diana said, putting back the cocktail and turning off the water (H), which was now at the right temperature, with one graceful movement of her shapely foot.

"And bring some more cocktails," Lady Diana added as an afterthought, or, maybe, it was a forethought. The maid closed the door behind her. It was easier that way.

Lady Diana continued her washing.

"Mr. Ian Carstairs, milady," the maid announced.

Lady Diana rose to meet him.

A tall man strode towards her. "Carstairs. Ian Carstairs; pleased to meet you," he said.

Lady Diana was taken aback. "I—I, too," she stammered, "am pleased to meet you, Mr. Carstairs. Won't you—er—won't you have a bath?"

"Thanks." Mr. Carstairs flung off his clothes with a quick movement of his right and his left hand, an old trick he had learnt among the hostile women of uncivilised lands.

"Oh, my! What big eyes you have, Mr. Carstairs!" cried Lady Diana with unfeigned surprise.

"Aw! Bai jove! Do you think so?" he replied, throwing her an approving glance from beneath his bushy brows. "My mother always said that, too."

"Soap, Mr. Carstairs?" Lady Diana asked, proffering him a cake of Old Windsor.

"Thanks, no. But I'll trouble you for some more water if I may."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Carstairs." And with a swift movement of her pretty foot, Lady Diana set the water (H) coursing into the bath.

"You, too, have pretty eyes, Lady Diana," Mr. Carstairs continued, with an appraising glance at her slim form.

"Then the ayes have it," she replied with ready wit.

"And the nose," Mr. Carstairs capped with a playful splash of the pellucid liquid around them.

"My, my!" ejaculated Lady Diana, "the old bath has not known such merriment since my mother, the Duchess—you know, she married the Duke, of course—caught her foot in the waste."

"Who's waist?" Mr. Carstairs demanded swiftly, but Lady Diana, sophisticated as she was, blushed at such evidence of primitive emotion.

Suddenly the door opened and a man's head appeared. Mr. Carstairs reached for his revolver. He was used to uncivilised lands. He was no lady-killer. But this was too much.

"Who is that man?" he shouted.

"How dare you!" cried Lady Diana, and struck him in the face with a loofah. It was all she had. . . .

CHAPTER II.
(And the Last.)

THE wind whistled around the old house. Every time it whistled it blew a tile off, and the old folks shivered.

"What a tale to tell the children," they said.

Ian Carstairs, used to uncivilised lands and of primitive emotions, paced up and down like a caged animal. He could think of nothing but Diana. He'd lost his appetite, he'd lost his underclothes. His breath came in short pants. The laundry had not sent his long ones back.

Suddenly the door opened.

"Diana!" he cried, and all his voice was in that cry, for no one else had uttered.

"A bath, a bath?" she whispered above the storm.

He turned on the water with that impetuous strength she knew so well.

"Soap, Lady Diana?" Ian asked, proffering a cake of Old Windsor.

"Thanks, no," she replied, hanging her head.

"Then what—what do you want?"

"You know what I want." Her breath came quickly.

"Yes," he said. "I know." And on the spot he shot her. But it was a bad shot. He missed.

"Oh, Ian," she cried, "I love you. I want you. I want you. Take me, take me, mistress or maid."

Suddenly, the spell that bound him loosened. And he loosened his braces, too. They were tight, anyway.

"But who was that man; that man in the bath?" he hissed.

Lady Diana laughed. She had to. "Why, him; why, him was only my husband," she cried, forgetting her grammar in her excitement.

"Only your husband! Only your husband! Then we can be happy after all." And Ian Carstairs, man of primitive emotions, and unused to civilised lands, fainted in her arms. Fainted clean away. He had to.

RICHARD VINER.

HOLLYWOOD

All the stars scintillated on or off the court at Herbert Brenon's Malibu Beach. Seen above are Russell Gleason, Mary Brian, Lew Cody, Leo Carillo, Joan Marsh

Bébé Daniels is greeted by the host, Herbert Brenon, in conventional style. The latter is the famous director of Radio Pictures

STAGES A REAL LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

annual lawn tennis Motion Picture Tournament at Robert Montgomery, Jemmy Gleason, Buster Keaton, and Lucille Gleason

After lawn tennis with real tennis balls and rackets, Dolores del Rio and Herbert Brenon present the prizes to the winners

Joan Marsh and Buster Keaton. Despite the latter's Norman Brookes' cap and gloomy expression, to say nothing of the "super" blazer, he did not prove the winner

Dolores del Rio, of course, came into the picture. She is seen with Clive Brook, an Englishman and no mean performer on the courts. As the top photograph shows, the prizes were of true Hollywood magnificence

Gilbert Roland did not play with Norma Talmadge, but she consented to be photographed with the winner. The cocktail shaker and decanter suggest that there was nothing dry about the proceedings

CLEMENCE DANE writes on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"THE FORTNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER"

By R. C. SHERRIFF

(*Gollancz : 7s. 6d.*)

WHEN an artist—writer—dramatist—actor—makes an immense hit with a play or a novel or a part we expend ourselves in perfectly sincere praise and—wait for his second venture in order to punish him properly. That is quite easy to do. Whatever he does next we have him on toast, and we know it. If he produces a second work more or less on the lines of the first, we say scornfully—"But it's just the same as ——." If he does something totally different we say, indignantly—"But it isn't the same as ——." If he produces nothing at all for a little while we say—"We knew it was only a fluke!" In fact, like children with their pet dog, we tie the kettle of a too great success to his tail and shriek with laughter when it rattles and he tries to get rid of it.

THIS is supposed to be good for the soul of that extremely nervous, sensitive creature, the writer: it is supposed to keep him humble and neighbourly. It seldom occurs to us, as we enjoy our amusement, that the sudden change from hysterical adulation to gleeful *Schadenfreude* may altogether sour his temper or break his heart and his nerve. One has seen from a distance several artists go through the experience. I can think of one artist spoiled by it: I can think of two other artists who have triumphed over it.

WHEN Mr. Sherriff wrote a chronicle play dealing with the War, and the play became an international affair, and then wrote another play about a cricket team, the usual things happened. *Badger's Green* was judged strictly on its merits as a rival to *Journey's End*, and its real merits were ignored. And as Mr. Sherriff did not publish anything further for some months it began to look as if he had accepted the situation—as if he knew that he would never get the kettle off his tail.

NOT a bit of it! Mr. Sherriff has now published a novel, and in so doing reappears as an artist working with ease in a new medium. *The Fortnight in September* is a completely independent and original work, and resembles his first work in these things only—that it is a piece of realism, and that it is packed with drama from beginning to end.

I SAY it is packed with drama; but I must add that from beginning to end there is not a single happening in the novel which you could label, in the theatrical sense, "dramatic." Though *The Fortnight in September* might be described, loosely, as the *Cranford* of the moderns, it has not even such an adventure as that with which Mrs. Gaskell tried so needlessly to gild *Cranford's* gold—the discovery and return of Miss Matty's brother. And by so much, I think, it is the better book. At that one point Mrs. Gaskell's immense courage failed her—it is the only point in the intensely dramatic nothings of *Cranford* where she drops to the commonplace. But Mr. Sherriff's courage never fails: and he never wavers in his conviction, which is also Mrs. Gaskell's conviction, that the tiniest incidents and the quietest lives are as much the stuff of drama as the history of a Boney or of an Al Capone.

Yevonde

MR. R. C. SHERRIFF

The author of the famous War play, "Journey's End," whose novel, "The Fortnight in September (Gollancz : 7s. 6d.), is the Book Society's choice for the month. He went up to Oxford as an undergraduate last term

"THE FORTNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER" describes how Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, of Dulwich, went to stay at Bognor for a fortnight with their three children, Dick, Mary, and Ernie. We go with them. We prepare for the journey, dispose of the cat and the canary, shut the windows, put out the fire, get away with the luggage, cope with Ernie's belated desire to take his yacht, and, at last, after immense efforts and exertion, we start. Perhaps Mr. Sherriff's method can be better shown by quoting the passage where the train passes the Stevens' house.

"The train was moving too fast to see much now, and all eyes were turned ready for the fleeting glimpse of home. Ernie, Dick, and Mary enjoyed the panorama, for they rarely saw behind the scenes like this. They called out as each little detail travelled past, and laughed triumphantly when they caught Mrs. Fraser in her curlers, throwing something into her dustbin, for she was always dressed up to her eyes when she went out the other side, through her front door. There was a fleeting glimpse of Mr. Shepherd watering the geranium in the stump of his apple tree, and then a hush fell."

AND so we come to and pass their own house, and the adventure is fairly begun. We change at Clapham Junction, we cope with other travellers who invade our carriage—"Mr. Stevens tried to manœuvre the family solidly round the door so that they could all get in and sit together, but somehow two other people got mixed in with them"—we travel through Kent, we arrive, we notice the little differences in the lodgings since last year, are welcomed by the landlady, go down to see the sea. And then we share the fortnight with the family: share Mr. Stevens' little visits to the Clarendon Arms, the problem of the bathing hut, cricket on the sands, a visit to some rich patrons, little things going wrong—the dry buns, for instance—"I told you they would get dry in this weather. There's no need at all to get Sunday's buns on Saturday—there's plenty of cake shops open to-day." We watch Mary's touching shadowy first romance, receive a hint of the landlady's tragedy, feel the final thrill of staying the extra day, and so home.

AND all the while, as we live through the fortnight with the Stevens, we also live through their memories, through all the other fortnights in September at Bognor, through all the years which the fortnights link. We know all about Mr. Stevens' great disappointment over the Football Club, and Mrs. Stevens' feeling of always being a little out of everything, and the children's occasional impatience over their parents, and the parents' fear of the day when the children won't want to come to Bognor in September. We know it all; and because it is the very stuff of life itself, seen and reported by an artist, there is not one dull word in this story of lives which, in our arrogance, we call dull.

WHEN LOVE WAS LOVE!

O Love was *Love in Grandma's time,*
Romance was Love's first craft,
And who could fear storm, flood or frost
And who could fail or who be lost
Buoyed up by Love's stout raft?

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DUBARRY, *PERFUMER*—81, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W

AY ANGRAVE

"Why is Jim calling his new hunter DORA?"
"Because she can clear any bar with ease!"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Such a Common Woman

by

ETHEL MANNIN

EVERYONE was shocked to the core, or the marrow, or wherever it is people do get shocked to, when Nicholas Basil married a waitress. Not for any snobbish reason—oh, dear no; it is part of the inverted snobbery of the age to be tremendously democratic, and positively to boast about friendships with the lower classes, to be able to say, with airy grace, "An awfully good friend of mine, a Mrs. Higgs, who does the charring," or "A lovely friend of mine—a street-sweeper——" No, there could be nothing wrong with Elsie being a waitress, when princesses themselves run tea-shops or sell hats. If anything, it was rather chic of Nicholas to marry all democratically like that, for "everyone" knows, nowadays, that only the working classes have any pretensions to good manners or culture, but . . . "this Elsie person" was such a *common* woman. She was the kind of woman who would give you a dig in the ribs in a playful moment, and say, "Oh, go on with you!" or tell you that you were a one and no mistake. The sort of thing that is all very well to imitate for fun, but which is "really rather awful" to live with, because it could "let you down so horribly" at the worst possible moment. Nicholas might be able to get away with a lot by pretending that Elsie was one of the bright young things who love talking Cockney pour rire, but people were bound to see through it in time.

Nicholas himself, of course, was an irresponsible person, and good fun, and very unconventional, and if he'd fallen in love with his waitress there was no reason in the world why he shouldn't marry her, in spite of being such a "county" person himself, with "such a frightfully good family" behind him; it was just that everyone felt so sorry for him, because even unconventional people have to lead *some* sort of social life, even when, like Nicholas, they hate huntin', shootin', fishin', and all the rest of it. Everyone prophesied that for once Nicholas would find that he had let his unconventionality carry him too far. . . .

Even I, who knew Nicholas at that time perhaps better than anyone, thought so, too. Particularly when he talked to me about Elsie, and I saw that beyond all possible shadow of doubt he was a man completely overwhelmed by his love for the woman he had married. I dreaded the slow realisations which I foresaw creeping over him. I saw how, inevitably it seemed to me, she must gradually get on his nerves—with her accent, her lack of culture, her coarseness, her crudities. Nicholas, in spite of his gaiety and irresponsibility, had immense culture; he had fine appreciations of so many things—music, wine, food, etchings. He had a taste for austerity—Bach in music, Browning in poetry, Pater in prose. For the life of me I could not see where Elsie came into this scheme of things.

"She's adorable," he told me, "completely adorable."

I asked him, "What is there you like about her? Do you know? People in love very often don't. But it's as well you know." I felt that with his fine, clear intelligence that he *must* know.

HE laughed happily. "Yes, I know. I like everything about her! I like the way she parts her hair, and the fact that when I kiss her I kiss soft, clean lips, not a smear of scarlet grease! I love her happy, child-like laugh. She doesn't just giggle or smirk, like so many women—she laughs as children laugh, right up out of her stomach! I like her simplicity—and her tremendous capacity for enjoyment. She eats food as though she enjoys it—not apologetically, as so many better-bred people do. I like her kindness. So few people are kind—have you noticed? Fundamentally kind, I mean; women especially. I love her genuine naïveté. She thinks everything is 'ever ser nice' when we go out together. It's so refreshing after all the blasé debutantes one's used to carting around. She *enjoys* things—food, fun, love, life—everything! You must come to dinner some time and meet her."

I replied that I should be delighted. I asked him, "Shall you try to—educate her a little, perhaps?"

He replied, with real dismay, "Good heavens, no! She's so completely unspoiled! Education's all right for people with nothing to them; it's disastrous for people with any depth! If I hadn't got the sack from Eton just at the right moment I'd be much worse than I am; I'd have gone on to a university and got really educated. It's a splendid thing to have escaped a good education. Think of all the most insufferable people you know—you'll find they've all had chronically good educations!"

I laughed and allowed the subject to drop. It was always difficult to know when to take Nicholas seriously.

Illustrated by H. GOODERHAM

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

We fixed an evening on which I was to dine with Nicholas and meet Elsie, and I left.

Now, as I do not often come up from the country, I decided that on the day when I was to dine with the Basils I would kill all the social birds I could with the one stone, and arranged for myself luncheon and tea appointments—and a cocktail with Sonia Vandering. It would, I thought, fortify me for that odd evening I expected to have with Nicholas and his "Elsie."

Sonia is, in the modern idiom, "terribly smart," both socially and sartorially. She dyes her finger-nails to match her gowns, knows "everybody," collects old glass and new celebrities, and reads all the most amusing books before publication—that sort of thing. I thought it might be amusing to have *her* views on Nicholas's strange marriage.

I told Sonia I was dining with the Basils, and asked if she had met the much-discussed Mrs. Basil. I said, "You know Nicholas quite well, I believe!"

She laughed. "Oh—very well *indeed,*" she answered, and continued to laugh, softly, to herself, as though some inner fountain of amusement bubbled in her. I begged her not to keep the joke to herself.

She said, "Ask Nicholas yourself—ask him if it's not correct to say that he and I know each other very well indeed!"

"Better than even I know him?" I urged a little jealously.

She ran what the lesser novelists define as "long, jewelled hands" over a Siamese cat as thoroughbred and sleek as herself. "Better than even you know him," she repeated.

I LEFT Sonia's deciding that I really did not like her very much after all. She was *too* chic, *too* soignée, too clever, too pedigree. You couldn't get close to her; she had no warmth, no naturalness; you felt that if you washed her face for her she would look quite different—because all that one saw would come off and leave the real Sonia exposed. She was as artificial as the coloured glass—preposterously expensive—flowers in the angular steel vase on her Picasso-esque tea-table.

It was odd, I thought, to be going from Sonia Vandering to "this Elsie person" in the same hour. But "life is like that," as some Russian or other has no doubt remarked somewhere. . . .

As luck would have it I got to the Basils a little too early, and Nicholas wasn't in. Mrs. Basil told me not to mind, he wouldn't be long, and what would I 'ave? She was a plump, commonplace little thing, with a lot of soft brown hair and friendly, spaniel-like brown eyes.

"Gin and French or a nice drop o' sherry?" she suggested.

"Gin and French, I think," I said, and she smiled.

"That's wot I always say—nothing like a nice drop o' gin. Sit down and make yerself comfortable. I've 'eard ever sich a lot about you."

I sat down, but I could not make myself comfortable because I had no idea what to say to her. I felt that it would be hopeless to fall back on those good old stand-bys, "Have you read——" and "Have you seen——" At a loss, I remarked what a charming place she and Nicholas had, overlooking the park.

She glanced round it. "Not ser bad, is it? But we want a nice little place in the country. Give me a house, I always say, and a nice garden. I *do* like a garden, I *must* say! 'Ave a nut?" She proffered me a dish of salted almonds.

Discussing the advantages of cottages in the country versus flats in town, and what a lot there was to be said for a bit of a garden—"with a nice bit o' grass," Elsie said. We got on really quite well; whenever I made a statement which surprised her, she said, "*There* now!" and "Fancy!" and "*Well,* I never!" We got so friendly on the second gin, in fact, that I was just telling her the limerick about the young man with the reputation unsavoury, who kept owls in an underground aviary, when Nicholas came in.

He smiled at the sight of us with tears running down our faces. "What's the joke?" he asked, coming over to kiss Elsie.

"They were more like lovers than people who had been married some six months; they were, I thought, more like lovers than a lot of lovers I could think of, and I had a little pang of envy"

"He's a one, your pal," she gasped, between her laughter. "Makes me larf till I cry! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Still, there's nothing like a good larf. What'll you 'ave, ducks?" This last remark addressed to Nicholas.

Whilst Nicholas drank sherry she sat on the arm of his chair with one arm about his shoulder. He laid a hand on her knee and leaned a little towards her. They were more like lovers than people who had been married some six months; they were, I thought, more like lovers than a lot of lovers I could think of, and I had a little pang of envy.

It was refreshing at dinner, too, not to have to talk books and plays and people. Elsie told me what a shocking cold Nicholas had just got over. "Oh, dear, he *was* bad," she said; and we talked about country cottages, and the superiority of mongrel cats and dogs over thoroughbreds—Elsie had a lovable little kitten, half-tabby, half-Persian, and I thought of Sonia and her sinister, unlovable pedigree animal. . . .

"Give me mongrels every time," Nicholas said, "in human beings as well as animals," and looked lovingly at Elsie.

"Go on with yer—cheek!" Elsie said, but I saw that she loved him for it.

The wine and the food were both excellent, and when Elsie had remarked that she supposed she had "better be county," and retired to the drawing-room, leaving Nicholas and myself over our port, I felt mellowed as much with the sheer geniality of the atmosphere as with the admirable food and wine.

When Nicholas asked the inevitable question: "Well, what do you think of Elsie?" I replied with complete sincerity that I thought her charming.

"She's live-able-with," Nicholas said, and added, smiling, "I'm not sure but that that ought to be the definition of 'charm.'"

"Talking of charming people—in the older sense," I said, "I saw Sonia Vandering this evening. I didn't know you knew her so well. She told me that she knew you very well indeed—better even than I do. I'd no idea you knew each other as well as all that!"

He replied, without smiling, "No, nobody knows. But since she told you herself, yes, we do know each other very well indeed; we know each other so well that we don't know anything at all about each other."

I told him that paradoxes weren't in my line.

"Sonia and I lived together for six months."

I STARED at him. "You and Sonia? But I thought—I mean—I didn't know your unconventionality went as far as that. Sonia's people, I mean—wasn't there a frightful racket?"

He smiled at that. "Oh, no, no racket at all. You see—we were lawful man and wife."

"You and Sonia—married?"

"Yes. In Paris—and divorced there. He looked thoughtfully at the ash on his cigar. "Six months of Sonia," he said; "think of it—Paris modes, Paris manners, the cream of Paris society—Sonia's drawing-room an everlasting concours d'élégance; it was all so brilliant, so gay. My God! that gaiety, that never-flagging brightness—paragraphs in the social columns—everything 'too, too early Picasso'—you know what Sonia is—she's not a woman at all—she's a type, a fashion——"

The door opened and Elsie put her head round the door; she smiled from me to Nicholas.

"Won't yer bring yer friend upstairs, ducks? There's a lovely fire in the drawin'-room, and them Waters sisters just comin' through on the wireless—enough to make yer bust yerself larfin'. . . ."

Nicholas looked at me and grinned. "Such a *common* woman, it is," he said, going over to her and putting an arm about her waist.

"Oh, go on with yer!" she said, and leaned her head back against his shoulder, smiling up at him as I think not so many wives smile at their husbands. Nicholas looked at me. "You see," he said, "what I mean?"

I had a sudden picture of Sonia Vandering stroking her pedigree Siamese. "Indeed," I said, "I do," and taking one of Elsie's hands kissed her finger-tips.

I saw that for a moment it was on the tip of her tongue to exclaim, "Well, I never!" But something—I don't know what—something vibrating in the air between the three of us—inhibited her, and she gave my hand a little friendly squeeze and was silent.

But there was a light in her eyes—and a softness which, to one who has studied men and women, was many things, but certainly not common. E. M.

"THE BLUE DANUBE" AS A BRITISH TALKIE

L'heure de l'apéritif in gay Vienna. Dorothy Bouchier and Desmond Jeans, the actor-boxer, in a scene from "The Blue Danube," the new talkie which has been made at the British and Dominion studios at Elstree

Dorothy Bouchier as the peasant girl and Desmond Jeans as her officer lover in another scene from the new British film, "The Blue Danube"

Mr. Reynolds (Franklyn Bellamy), browbeats Lucy, the maid (Florence Desmond), in a scene from "Murder on the Second Floor." This talkie version of the stage play of that name is the first production from Warner Brothers' First National Teddington studios

Moira Lynd as she appears as Paddy in the big open-air picture, "The Verdict of the Sea," is a newcomer to the talkies, but has already won considerable success on the stage. This Regina Film production is one of the most ambitious British talkies to have been made

CRIME AS SEEN ON THE SCREEN

Above : Brigitte Helm, who plays a leading rôle in "The Blue Danube." Appearances to the contrary, she takes the part of a determined vamp

Brigitte Helm asks the leader of the orchestra (Alfred Rode), to play her favourite waltz in another scene from "The Blue Danube." Miss Doris Zinkeisen wrote the story for this film and also designed the dresses

Miriam Hopkins in a dramatic scene from "The Hours Between," the new Paramount film adapted from the novel, "Twenty-four Hours," by Louis Bromfield. The cast of this fine talkie includes, Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey

Jill Esmond, the clever young English actress, who is working with R.K.O. Radio Pictures in Hollywood. The daughter of the late Henry Esmond and his wife, Miss Eva Moore, she is married to that clever young actor, Lawrence Olivier

Lady Veronica Blackwood has chosen as one of her trousseau evening dresses this blue tulle frock spangled in a modern design, the scarf drapery of which is held by two antique pink roses. This dress is most appropriately named "Sweetheart"

sketches by

henry laverne

jane gordon writes on the fashions of the week

IT is extraordinary how much hard work is attached to the business of getting engaged and married. There is a line in the wedding service that says you must not enter into the state of matrimony "lightly or unadvisedly." As a matter of fact, it is absolutely impossible to do such a thing in this country unless you get married at a Register Office. From the moment a girl announces her engagement until she starts for her honeymoon her life is one round of toil and strife. How can she be expected, for instance, to choose a dress that will suit each and all of her bridesmaids? Then there is always the question of family lace which she must wear at the wedding.

MISS "PAT" RICHARDS is particularly lucky, because the Jersey family lace is really beautiful. Her fiancé, Lord Jersey, is providing the wedding veil which has quantities of tulle in it, so that it will not be at all heavy looking; and his grandmother, Lady Jersey, is giving her a lace flounce. Norman Hartnell has designed the wedding dress, which is going to be very simple with the train coming from the waist instead of the shoulder. Have you ever noticed, by the way, that the wedding gowns Norman Hartnell designs for his own collections are always trimmed with jewellery instead of lace? This is because he suffers so much from family lace that has got to be included in the wedding gowns he designs for engaged girls. In fact, what he goes through with the mother, who knows that the family will be hurt if the lace is not used, and the girl who doesn't wish to wear it, and his own design that would be better without it—is nobody's business.

COLOUR fashions are very odd. There must be a kind of mental telepathy that makes women realise which colour is the right one to wear on any particular day. Brown has been the fashionable colour this week. Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall (Miss Eileen Bennett) was lunching at the Ritz a day or two ago. She wore a long marron colour cloth coat with a big fox collar of exactly the same colour, and a velvet cap of a slightly darker shade, with a large velvet bow on one side. She was joined by Miss Bunting Stevenson, who was also wearing exactly the same shade of brown. At least half a dozen of the smartest women in London were there wearing full-length mink coats over brown dresses, with brown velvet or felt hats. The only exception to this colour scheme was Lady Bridget Poulett, who

(Continued on page 454)

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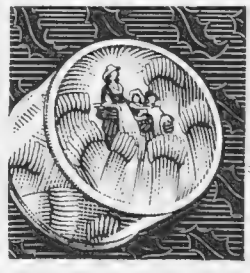

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FASHIONS OF THE WEEK (continued from page 452)

looked quite lovely in a long dark blue coat over a dark blue crêpe de Chine dress trimmed with light blue, and a dark blue off-the-forehead hat with a little nose veil.

AMERICAN women take much more interest in their eyelashes than we do, and now they have a new kind of false eyelash. These are attached in such a way to the eyelids and original eyelashes that they will not only withstand the social round of everyday life, but they can also be worn for swimming, bathing, sleeping, and so on, without any danger of their falling off. Film stars have a method of collecting little bunches of eyelashes together and gluing the false eyelash on to the end of them and then applying mascara. This accounts for the long and exceedingly sparse lashes worn by many of these ladies. The majority of English women are content with mascara, and, as we know, this requires a good deal of self-control to prevent it getting into the eyes or over the cheek. There are one or two beauty parlours that will dye one's eyelashes, but they are very reluctant to do it. Let us hope that they will now import false eyelashes so that we may be saved the trouble of either dyeing or using mascara.

A much-discussed Australian bride-to-be has also chosen a blue evening dress. This ensemble is of crêpe satin of exactly the same shade as worn by the famous Blue Boy The fox collar is dyed the same colour as the dress, and the puff of the sleeve and the cape are of finely pleated satin matching the skirt. The jacket itself ends at the waistline ; the hip decoration of the dress is formed of the dull and shiny sides of the satin

ICE carnivals are becoming more and more popular, in spite of the fact that ice rinks are not really good places for fancy dress, or for evening dress as far as that goes. If you sit at the little tables round the rink in an evening dress without a coat, you feel as if you are sitting in a Frigidaire machine; and if you sit wrapped up in your coat you might just as well be in your comfortable skating clothes. However, nothing will prevent people from grumbling about fancy dress parties and yet dressing-up at the slightest excuse. There are only a limited number of fancy dresses that can be worn actually with skates. One of the most effective at a big carnival a few nights ago was an imitation chain armour made entirely of silver sequins, worn by a very pretty girl. Over this armour she wore a long white cloak from her shoulders to her ankles, with two enormous red crosses on it. Princess Imeretinski, who has very fair hair and a pink and white skin, also looked most effective in a pink crinoline dress and poke bonnet. The best-looking man there was Mr. Noel Egan dressed as a Mexican cowboy, with a large white sombrero, white jacket, and long white trousers trimmed with scarlet. Lady Mercy Dean, who must have inherited her perfect colouring from her mother (Frances Lady Warwick), was at a table watching the skating. She wore a black dress with a long slinky skirt, and a little jacket of white angel skin bordered with Vandyk points of black breitschwanz. This jacket had a V-shaped collar and a diamond-shaped patch in the back of the same fur. Lady Brecknock was with a party at the far end of the rink, and she wore a pink sequin jacket over a pink dress.

WHAT a pity it is that a perfectly good model dress can be spoilt by its own popularity. One of Lanvin's evening dresses is really becoming an absolute menace to London. It is a gown with small puffed sleeves made of sequins or shiny jet. You see it in every shop window; you see it in every dance club and restaurant; you see it on famous actresses, as well as on dreary little women. Sometimes the dress is white satin with black jet sleeves. Sometimes it is black satin with silver sequin sleeves. The model may also be carried out in velvet or crêpe de Chine. The women who have it must be sick of the sight of it already. Any dress that is trimmed with sequins is bound to be very conspicuous. In fact, all sequins should be treated with great discretion. They can so easily be overdone.

YOU need to know quite a lot about history to be able to give the new hats their correct names. At a tiny hat shop in Berkeley Street that has some of the best hats in London you can find models of the Louis Philippe period that dip down over the middle of the face. Victorian hats, and hats that the vendeuse describes as Louis XV, are surprisingly becoming and easy to wear. There are small velvet glengarries, rounded saucers of felt that are kept on one side of the head by a band of ribbon velvet, and a severe black panne hat that fits closely over the head and hides half the forehead, leaving the other half very much exposed.

J. G.

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GOLF GOSSIP

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

The magnificent club-house of the Addington Palace Golf Club seen from the tee off the ninth hole. It is a good three

IMAGINE a "nineteenth hole" in a palace at one time the home of the Archbishop of Canterbury. This is what I found at Addington Palace Golf Club when I played there last week.

The earliest mention of Addington occurs in the Domesday Book. The lay manor, after many changes of ownership, passed in 1447 into the possession of John Leigh. In 1768 the two manors were sold to Barlow Trichothick, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London. In 1802 the estate was purchased by one Thomas Coles, and shortly after his death in 1808 it was purchased as a residence for the Archbishops of Canterbury, six of whom lived there in succession.

After the death of Archbishop Benson in 1896 Addington Park and manor were sold to, I believe, a Colonel English, who spent over £100,000 in improvements, that celebrated architect, Norman Shaw, being responsible for the work.

* * *

THE amount spent by the late owner on improvements gives some idea of the sumptuousness of the club-house, the public rooms of which can only be described as magnificent. Then there are bedrooms, beautifully furnished, with hot and cold water, and one can live there for as little as five guineas per week. The journey by train takes about twenty minutes; there are numerous trains during the day, and the club bus meets all trains likely to carry members or friends.

* * *

THE club has been in existence only just over a year, and at the moment there is no entrance fee, and there are about three hundred members, but, due to the enterprise of Major G. H. Phillimore, the secretary, their number is rapidly increasing.

The course was made by J. H. Taylor and Hawtree, and it must have been a real task, for over three thousand trees were uprooted, and, the country on one side of the club-house being very steep (the holes there must have been difficult to plan), many of the greens were sown, yet, despite the short time, we found them extremely good. Possibly one feature of the course which is open to criticism is the distance from some of the greens to the next tee, but Major Phillimore tells me that this point is being dealt with during the present winter.

* * *

AS to the course in general, it is one which appealed to me strongly, and the other members of the four-baller in which I was playing were quite in agreement with me. The view from some of the tees is charming, and even if one does arrive at some rather out of breath, the beauty of the country is ample recompense. I found some of these what I call elevated tees almost as useful as a stroke to my side, for we knew we had little time to finish before darkness set in, and I found that by hurrying them up in their climb to the tees they were not as steady as they might have been! However, even these underhand tactics did not help us to do more than square the match on the eighteenth.

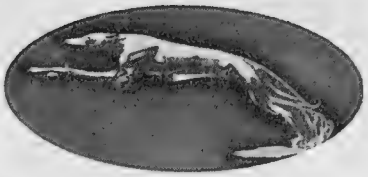
* * *

I THINK, if anything, I prefer the first nine holes; some of these remind me of the Addington course, and one in particular, the fourth, I believe, of one at Sunningdale.

The seventh hole, 602 yards, will be altered this winter. The new green will be more to the right, nearer the fifth tee, and the hole will be shortened by about eighty yards.

In the second nine holes I like the twelfth and fifteenth. About fifty yards from the tenth tee is a large fountain, about twelve feet in circumference. I am told that many wagers are laid against a shot being pitched into this from the tee. We tried to do this, but without success, although I struck the base of the fountain with my second shot.

The lounge in the erstwhile country home of the Archbishops of Canterbury at Addington Palace. Members can obtain suites of rooms at a very modest inclusive price, from six guineas a week



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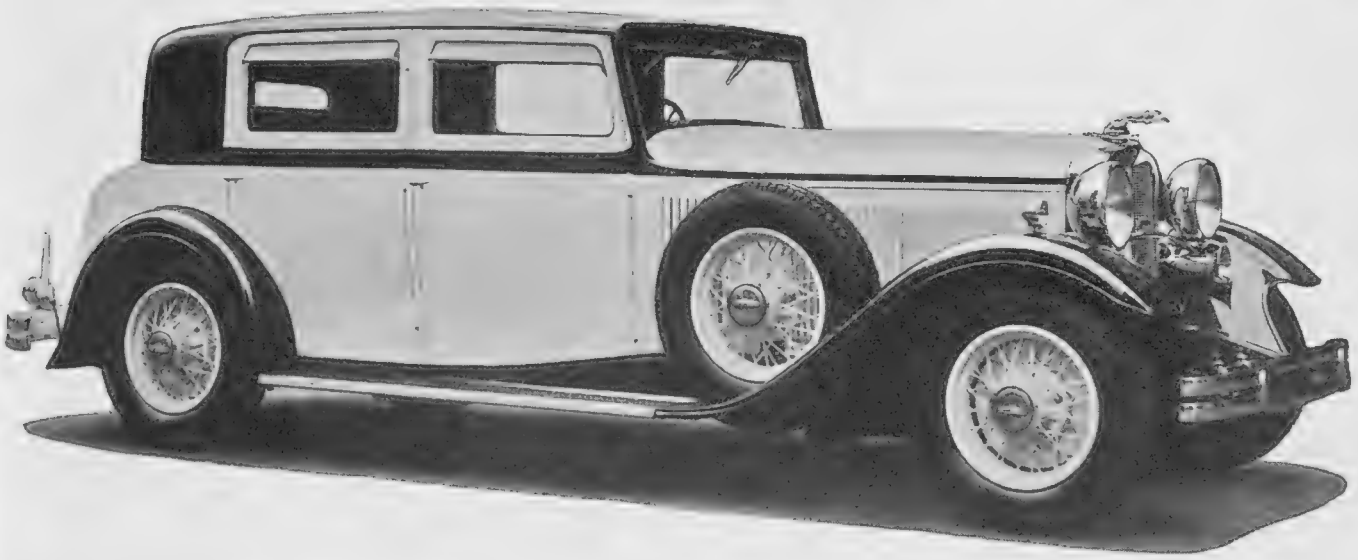

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A "MORAL" TALE FOR MOTHERS

By "JUNIUS"

I WONDER, yes, I wonder, if in *The Faro Table or The Gambling Mothers* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Charles Sedley, we have an amazingly clever example of literary leg-pulling? A publisher's note tells us that the book is republished exactly as it appeared in 1808, except that the original two volumes have been bound into one. Another note makes acknowledgment to "L. Ledger Etheridge, Esq., of Hanover Square, in the Parish of Saint George's, London," for a loan of the original edition. Then we have an introduction by Mr. Beverley Nichols. But only after reading this work of what he calls "exquisite elevation and artifice," does the suspicion as to the identity of Charles Sedley arise.

MR. NICHOLS says that the only Charles Sedley with whom he is acquainted was "a dissolute baronet of that name, who is mentioned by Pepys as being 'one of the lewdest fellows of the age.' The Charles Sedley who wrote *The Faro Table* is monumentally moral in his lashings of the gambling and other fashionable vices of his day." Has Mr. Nichols, with impish ingenuity, taken the "dissolute baronet's" name as a *nom de guerre* for this work of high morality? I am inclined to think so, because the style of the period is reproduced a shade too perfectly, and some of the stories, despite their Georgian garb, have a biting humour that belongs to to-day.

HOWEVER, whether the book was written by Charles Sedley—also the author of *The Barouche Driver and His Wife,* and *The Infidel Mother; or Three Winters in London,* or has come from the diverting pen of Mr. Beverley Nichols, it is one of the most laughter-making books I have read for a long time, bubbling with witty and acid descriptions, such as that of Lord Robert Bronze, "the hic and ubique of the fashionable world," who "took an oyster woman into his keeping," and "Lady A., whose mother was, of course, the illegitimate daughter of a low-born Irish woman." If I am right, Mr. Nichols should step forward and take his laurels, and not leave them to moulder beneath a Sedley bushel.

MR. ALEC WAUGH'S novel, *So Lovers Dream* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*), leaves you breathless. The hero, Gordon Carruthers, a successful young novelist, nearly achieves perpetual motion. He dashes hither and thither over the surface of the globe, and most of its waters, possessed by what the Americans call "the urge of travel." In the book itself, certainly, there are only two journeys to America, a summer visit to the Riviera, and poppings in and out of London, in the space of a year or so. But you can't help reflecting what a prodigious amount of packing and unpacking Gordon Carruthers must have endured. Perhaps the bedroom in his flat in London, accounted for some of his restlessness. The bed had yellow pillow-cases, blue blankets, and cream-pink curtains. I suspect Mr. Waugh of being a gourmet. Whether Gordon Carruthers is host or guest, the lists of dishes and drinks are meticulous to the verge of housekeeping. And luncheons, dinners, and cocktail parties occupy a considerable portion of the hero's time.

Vaughan and Freeman

MR. ALEC WAUGH

A review of his latest novel, "So Lovers Dream," appears on this page. The book is published by Cassell at 7s. 6d.

THE sum total of it all is a clever presentation of a variety of English and American types, closely observed; a great deal of eating and drinking, and Gordon Carruthers's relations with three women. He is in love with one of them, an American, Faith Sweden, whose mentality is such that when she deceives him with another lover she considers she has only been unfaithful to her husband. Truly, a component part of the "jazz pattern," which, the jacket tells us, "Mr. Waugh can weave in excelsis." But those yellow pillow-cases and the blue blankets, *and* the cream-pink bed-curtains!

WHAT part did Moscow play in the revolution which drove King Alfonso from the Spanish throne? Mrs. Stewart Erskine answers the question in *Twenty-nine Years: The Reign of King Alfonso XIII of Spain* (Hutchinson: 12*s.* 6*d.*). "It is an uncontested fact," she says, "that two million pounds sterling were paid into the Bank of Barcelona before the revolution by Russia, and that over a million of this money was used in propaganda." Mrs. Erskine's story of the reign is an admirable piece of work, just, restrained, and carefully considered. She has a wide knowledge of Spain and intimate acquaintances both amongst Monarchists and Republicans. She emphasises the fact that the Dictatorship under Primo de Rivera was the initial step in the King's loss of popularity, and blames the vanity of the Dictator for the odium which fell upon his sovereign. "The King," she says, "found Spain politically isolated and practically unknown and raised her to the position she now occupies. The time will come when the great achievement of King Alfonso, working for the good of his country through stormy and difficult times, will be appreciated at its full value."

I HAVE a quarrel with Miss Norah Hoult. She is already achieving a reputation as a writer of stories dealing with a world which, to less observant eyes, would appear drab and characterless. From this point of view *Apartments to Let* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*) will add to her reputation. But is Miss Hoult going to imperil that reputation? We know that authors argue—and are frequently justified in their argument—that unpleasant matters must be touched upon, either to show the temperament of their characters or the atmosphere in which they live. But Miss Hoult can plead no such justification. On three occasions she drags in coarseness which is in no way germane to her story. One passage in particular leaves a double surprise; that a woman could have written it, and that publishers of the standing of Messrs. Heinemann should have permitted it to be printed in a book bearing their name.

HAVING said this, I have nothing but praise. The four people lodging at Mrs. Peabody's house in Westminster are vivid, living entities—Lena Crossley, who combines lovers with a background of pottering journalism; Josephine Moore, the unhappy, lonely girl who finally goes mad; Leonard Willoughby, the young architect, whose love affair with a shallow girl ends in nothing; and Mr. Hobson, the elderly bachelor of methodical mind and habits, who spends his leisure over cross-word puzzles. And last of all, Mrs. Peabody, the landlady, ever alert and suspicious in keeping her house "respectable."

You see each of these separate lives as if they were passing before you on the stage. Miss Hoult has an unerring understanding of that dull and makeshift world conveyed by the word bed-sitting room. She makes you understand it, too, by her sincerity and conviction. So why should she spoil her work by gratuitous coarseness?

BOOKS as CHRISTMAS GIFTS

A reproduction of one of the delightful coloured illustrations by Arthur Rackham to "The Compleat Angler." This artistic new edition of Isaak Walton's immortal work is published by George Harrap and Co., Ltd., at 15s.

We all know the apocryphal story of the bright young thing who, when told by her fiancé that he would give her a book for Christmas, protested, "Why, I've got a book!" but as people such as she are mercifully rare in real life the pleasant habit of giving books at Christmastide endures, and, indeed, flourishes through the years. However, there is one ever-present problem to be solved at such times, namely, what book shall it be? With the amiable object of making our decision in the leisured comfort of home or club rather than the maelstrom of agitated Christmas shoppers, let us now consider some of the new publications at the disposal of the wise purchaser.

* * *

Circuses are pleasantly conspicuous by their presence at Christmas, so we cannot do better than pick on a book dealing with this most fascinating of all forms of public entertainment. In *Circus* (Routledge: 10s. 6d.) Paul Eipper takes us behind the scenes and there introduces us to all the humans and beasts who play their part in making the sawdust ring a veritable magic ring to children of all ages between eight and eighty-eight. The author lived with the circus folk on tour, and the pages of his book are enriched with forty-eight excellent photographs by Hedda Walther.

* * *

The foreign animals of the circus are thrilling creatures, but our own fauna, if less likely to strike terror into the hearts of those who meet them in their natural state, are every whit as interesting. If anyone has the temerity or foolishness to doubt my assertion, let me strongly advise them to purchase forthwith *Nature by Night*, written by the noted British naturalist, Arthur R. Thompson, F.L.S., who introduces us to all sorts of creatures, from badgers to beetles, and writes charmingly of their lives and activities. Over a hundred photographs taken by the author are included in this fascinating book published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd., at 12s. 6d.

Before leaving the animal world I must draw your attention to a book which will have a great appeal to all dog-lovers—that is to say, about 99.9 per cent. of the population. *Miss Perfection*, by de Vic Beamish, is the illustrated story of an Airedale terrier. Full of real understanding, it abounds in humour, and never descends to bathos. This is most assuredly

One of the very many interesting illustrations by Arthur Moreland in his book "Dickens' Landmarks in London." Its price is 7s. 6d. and it is published by Cassell.

a book for your Christmas list. Costing but 5s., it is published by Hutchinson.

* * *

With our first youthful reading of *Treasure Island*—to say nothing of *Captain Killquick, the Pest of the Pacific*, and similar surreptitiously read penny dreadfuls—was born a love for the romance of piracy, buried treasure, and South Sea islands. Now come two remarkably entertaining books to charm us once again with visions of the Jolly Roger. First, *Doubloons: The Story of Buried Treasure*. Written by Charles B. Driscoll and with decorations by Harry Cimino, it tells of treasure buried the world over and the fruitless efforts of men to discover the hiding places. It is published by Chapman and Hall at 18s., and is a treasure of adventurous romance well worth discovering. Secondly, *Bully Hayes: South Sea Pirate*, by Basil Lubbock (Hopkinson: 25s.). Here is told with a wealth of detail, accompanied by many illustrations, the authentic biography of the most notorious pirate of his time, and makes thrilling reading.

* * *

That delightful artist, Arthur Rackham, has provided really charming coloured illustrations to the new edition of *The Compleat Angler*, published by Harrap at 15s. Beautifully printed and produced, it is far too fascinating to be lent with safety to even the most "promising" borrower. Dickens will ever be asscciated with Christmas, and an ideal gift is therefore *Dickens Landmarks in London* (Cassell: 7s. 6d.). Written and illustrated by Arthur Moreland, it introduces us to quaint old-world corners of a bygone London which still stand, and is a book to treasure.

* * *

A new line in publishing has been opened by George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., in a series of entertaining little books, "Seen by the Camera," which sell at 2s. 6d. each. Here the photographer displaces the author, and the result is most effective. The three volumes already published, *Beauty in Animals*, *Negro Types*, and *China and the Chinese*, all respond admirably to the new technique, and form gift books as entertaining as they are novel. In conclusion, let me draw your attention to *Eager Heart*. This beautiful mystery play, by A. M. Buckton, decorated and illustrated by Horace J. Knowles, possesses simple beauty and sincerity to a high degree. It is published by Elkin Matthews and Marriott, Ltd., at 10s. 6d. Bower Mason.

Circus performers both. This photograph by Hedda Walther is from "Circus," the entertaining book by Paul Eipper, published by Routledge at 10s. 6d.

Some Books for Boys and Girls

One of the many interesting illustrations by Leo Bates in "Through the Air and the Jungle," by Major Gorman. It is the story of Nicky, an out-of-work airman

Books, books, books . . . as each Christmas comes we discover afresh that books are gifts that always give great happiness.

Boys will find romance in *Through the Air and the Jungle,* by Major J. T. Gorman, with illustrations by Leo Bates. This is the story of Nicky, an out-of-work airman, who finally obtains work which necessitates him flying to Burma on a mysterious quest. Burma and adventures go hand in hand, and a daring parachute jump is only one of many events in this book (Blackie: 5*s.*) Lt.-Col. F. S. Brereton has long been an established author of boys' stories, and his *Scouts of the Baghdad Patrol* will appeal not only to scouts, but to every boy who loves an exciting tale (Cassell's: 2*s.* 6*d.*). School stories are making way for yarns about the air in these days, but *Harold Comes to School,* by Jeffrey Hamilton, will be a strong favourite. Harold is a monkey, whose two owners have heaps of fun with him. This is an original and amusing story (Blackie: 3*s.* 6*d.*).

"The Wings That Failed" is an air story by Frances Cowen. It is one of Collins' Reward Books, new series, beautifully bound in dark blue with the title in gold lettering. An ingenious story of two schoolboys, a detective from Scotland Yard, and a mysterious airman, which will please boy readers (Collins: 5*s.*). Two of the same series are *For the White Cockade,* by Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, C.B., D.S.O., R.N., a trooper story, and *Play Up, Adventurers,* by Herbert Hayens, a ghost story set in Chilton, an old-fashioned village situated in the loneliest part of Dorsetshire (Collins: 5*s.*). *Tales of the Scottish Clans,* by Helen Drever, is an unusual book with an appeal to both children and grown-ups. It is a fascinating account of how the Scottish Clans came into being. The Mackintosh, Fraser, Sinclair, Campbell, Cameron—all are dealt with in an interesting manner. This book will be widely read (Grant and Murray: 6*s.*). Other intriguing air books for boys are *In Defiance of the Ban,* by Percy Westerman, and *The Secret of the Plateau,* by the same author (Blackie: 3*s.* 6*d.*), also *The Book of the Air,* by G. G. Jackson, which is specially written to show the modern boy how flying came about, and the successes and failures of its early pioneers. It also includes stories of epic flights of modern times (Collins: 6*s.*).

"My Book of Heroes and Heroines," by Clayton Edwards and Arthur Hayward, is a handsome volume which includes a notably large number of life stories of the world's famous men and women, written with particular attention to those qualities of achievement, romance, and adventure that inspire young people. Every character in this book has strong, romantic appeal, and the men and women represent not only many races and nationalities, but many types of genius and greatness. The stories of Dante, Napoleon, Nelson, Abraham Lincoln, Alfred the Great, Jeanne d'Arc, and Edith Cavell, some of the brightest stars in the historical firmament, are told in this most interesting book (Cassell's: 6*s.*).

This picture of a parachute descent is from "The Book of the Air," by G. G. Jackson. Besides this colour picture, it contains a fine collection of photographs

Audrey and Judith pluckily rescue a man adrift in Chaleur Bay. An illustration from "Two On Their Own," by Bessie Marchant.

Baths . . . how giants manage to have hot ones . . . Agitated Albatross . . . is there really and truly such a thing? Witches . . . how to find out which witch is which and which isn't. . . . Fairies' Parties . . . how *not* to behave. Rainbows . . . how to use spare bits if you have any . . . all these important and intriguing facts are discovered by Peggy and Michael during their adventures among modern fairies in *Through the Enchanted Wood,* by Hampden Gordon, which is delightfully illustrated by Cora Paterson (Murray: 6*s.*).

The story of the scholarship girl who was scorned by her snobbish schoolfellows is ever new, and on the very first day Penelope Stares entered Selbigh Royal she unwittingly made a bad impression on her schoolfellows. Only Joan Franklin stood by her until she earned the gratitude of the whole school. Girls of all ages will enjoy this entertaining story, *Joan and the Scholarship Girl,* by Brenda Page, illustrated by P. B. Hickling (Cassell's: 2*s.* 6*d.*).

"Two On Their Own" is another school story for girls, written by Bessie Marchant and illustrated by Francis E. Hiley. The story opens with a plucky rescue by two girls in a small boat who save the life of a man adrift in Chaleur Bay. Having brought this man ashore the cousins hurry home, only to find the house deserted. Audrey's mother, who is also Judith's aunt, has gone upon a sudden mysterious quest. Winter sets in before Audrey's mother returns and explains the mystery in dramatic fashion. An exciting story. (Blackie: 5*s.*)

Max.

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SHOOTING NOTES

WINTER FEEDING

By "Clodhopper"

A group at the recent shoot given by Lord Doverdale at Westwood Park, Droitwich. It comprises Lord and Lady Doverdale, the Hon. Aline Partington, Miss Balfour, Mrs. Eyre, Viscount Coke, Sir Richard Gull, Lord Sandys, Major-General Sir John Duncan, Air-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, the Hon. Edward Partington and Mr. Hemsley

"YOU are a jolly old pessimist in predicting a bad partridge year. Personally, I anticipate quite a good one," wrote the editor of a well-known sporting journal to me a few weeks before the opening of the present partridge shooting season. Unfortunately, my forecast, which, by the way, was based on close observation in the field, and not from a comfortably padded editorial chair, proved only too correct. From practically every agricultural district in the kingdom—with the exception of a few well-favoured spots in Scotland, where good bags have been made—come reports of exceptionally poor partridge crops, so poor, in fact that shooting on many large estates has been restricted to the thinning off of superfluous barren birds and replenishing the larder with young ones.

PERSONALLY, I have had but three most disappointing days among the partridges on the Notts and Lincolnshire border. Last season the shoot in question yielded an average bag per day of rather more than 75 brace. On the 17th of October last six guns (all good shots bar myself) killed 20½ brace only on the same ground, a very large proportion of which were old birds. This represents the best bag of the season, as the lessee of the manor has very wisely decided to leave what birds remain for stock. He has also determined for the first time since taking over the shoot in 1925 to practice winter-feeding.

LORD BROWNLOW IN ACTION

The photograph was taken at the shoot he gave recently at Belton

WELL, it is never too late to mend. But in view of the fact that the adjoining shooting is rented by a syndicate of enterprising "sports" who not only winter-feed their own coveys, but, incidentally, those of their neighbours too, it occurs to me that my unsophisticated friend should have attended to this important detail long ago. In a bad partridge season (or for that matter in the best of seasons even) it is absurd to skin a shoot and then expect birds to kindly come in from here, there and everywhere to restock the depopulated ground. They won't. And in the event of your neighbours feeding their coveys while you neglect yours in this respect, the chances are that what little stock you may have left unshot will desert, particularly if the weather be severe and natural food scarce or difficult to procure. On the other hand, feed your birds judiciously through the lean winter months and they will remain on the right side of your boundaries.

IF early arrivals of migratory woodcock, snipe, and wild fowl from the higher latitudes are indicative of a hard winter in this country, then we are in for something pretty stiff in the shape of frost during the next two or three months. A spell of sharp weather causes far greater privations amongst partridges than the average shooting man imagines, and when such climatic conditions prevail artificial feeding is virtually essential. I would even advocate feeding on a reduced scale in an open winter, there being, in my experience at any rate, no other effective means of keeping birds together, especially on shootings of small or medium acreage. In any case, having started wisely by winter-feeding your coveys, do not, at the very first sign of a mild spell, entirely withdraw the supplies. Gradually reduce them to a minimum, otherwise the birds may take it into their heads to wander abroad.

A CAREFUL and experienced keeper will put down in suitable places just sufficient corn and seeds to feed his charges and no more. Pigeons, rooks, and undesirable feathered grain-eaters, generally, are quick to sight unconsumed food. He will also, probably, distribute the corn over the ground in small heaps rather than hand-cast it, for the former method ensures quicker feeding.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

WHY NOT RABBITS?

A MUCH neglected branch of shooting is common or garden bolting of rabbits with the aid of ferrets. The necessary expert aid with gear and livestock complete is always and everywhere available, whilst the work itself is of inestimable importance both to crops and woodlands, especially if it can be completed before the turn of the year. There is much technique to be learned, both in tactics and the actual shooting. To work upwind, to creep quietly to the earths, lay down the ferret and steal gently back without vibrating the ground is to induce the free bolting of rabbits. Unless these precautions are taken throughout the day, there is more work for spade than gun. When a noise has been made the rabbiter out for sport should move elsewhere in the assurance that a really good bag can be best so made; and such is really the test of efficiency. He or others may do the clearing up some other time, but on a good day for bolting everything should give way to the gun. To stand, maybe for hours, with every nerve braced at attention and to deliver snap shots with absolute precision on the instant of a chance presenting itself is no mean feat, having regard to the difficulty so many find in taking a sitter. More exciting are the bold runners. If you shoot quickly and miss they will surely cross the open. If you wait they plunge to ground. Guessing aright begins as a fluke and ends by becoming an acquired knack.

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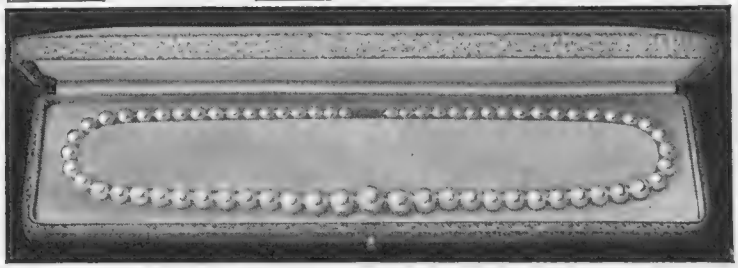

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MOTOR NOTES

An attractive Wolseley Viper saloon seen in the heart of Warwickshire. The private house in the background has a plate on the gateway bearing the name "The Rising Sun," which conjures up visions of quite a different type of house

ROAD SENSE FOR ALL

By E. M. Wright

I HARDLY ever go out without meeting at least one glaring example of "cutting in." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the offender gets away with it—in the hundredth there is a collision in which perfectly innocent parties are involved. Reams have been written on the dangers of "cutting in," but it continues to be one of the commonest, as it is one of the most dangerous, examples of bad driving. In the vast majority of cases it is not that the drivers are deliberately reckless; it is simply that they lack road sense. Many a driver fully appreciates the danger of cutting in, and yet time and again will flagrantly offend.

The flashy driver of a super sports car who deliberately takes risks in order to show off is often far less dangerous a "cutter in" than the man or woman who, without any desire whatever to offend, is so lacking in road sense that he or she is incapable of judging when it is safe to overtake. A driver of this sort has no eye for distance or speeds. He sees a gap ahead of him and makes for it blindly, regardless of the fact that the car he is trying to pass is travelling very little slower than his own, and of the equally important fact that another car is bearing down upon him at high speed. Having once pulled out from the left of the road, he trusts absolutely to luck, and if the road is at all narrow, only luck will save a smash.

***

MATHEMATICS are my pet aversion, but overtaking is essentially a problem in mathematics. Suppose a two-seater tries to pass a family saloon, and suppose that this two-seater is travelling at 40 m.p.h. and the saloon at 30 m.p.h. Now, just to make matters more difficult, suppose that a touring car is coming towards them at 35 m.p.h. and there is only room for two lines of traffic. How far away ought this touring car to be to allow the two-seater to overtake the saloon? Somewhere between 700 and 800 feet. Of course, in actual practice, the situation could be varied to infinity. The saloon could, for instance, slow down to allow the two-seater to pass more quickly. The two-seater would in most cases accelerate to well above 40 m.p.h. Again, if the driver of the tourer saw that it was going to be a tight squeeze, he could, and would, slow down to allow time for the two-seater to get back on to the left-hand side of the road.

In essentials, however, the problem is always the same. The speed at which you pass another car is the *difference* between the speed of your own car and that of the car you are overtaking. In the instance I have suggested it would be only 10 m.p.h. Secondly—and this is most important—two cars approach each other at their *combined* speeds. In other words, the two-seater and the tourer are hurtling towards each other at 75 miles an hour.

***

THE more time you require to pass another car going at a given speed, the greater the space you need. This is a point which many drivers forget. Passing a baby car is a much simpler matter than passing a large coach. If that coach is travelling at any speed, you are on the wrong side of the road for some seconds longer, and fast-moving traffic coming towards you may close the gap ahead of the coach before you have time to get through yourself.

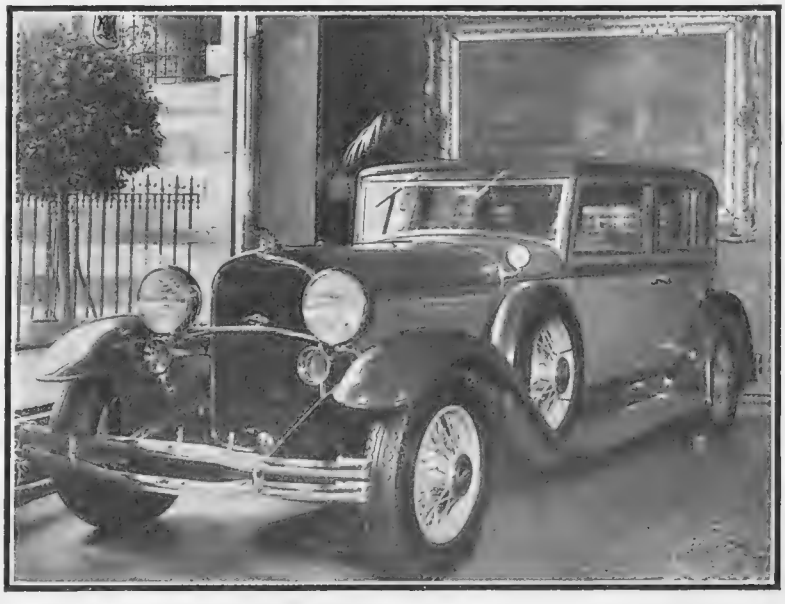
***

WHEN overtaking, it is essential to be able to see sufficient clear road ahead to complete the operation, hence it is invariably dangerous to overtake at a corner or a sharp bend, and—a point which many drivers overlook—it is equally dangerous to overtake on the brow of a hill or a humpbacked bridge. You do not know what is ahead of you, and hence you have no means of judging whether there is sufficient space.

***

IF you are being passed, play fair. Time and again you will see the driver of a comparatively slow car accelerate suddenly when another car tries to overtake him. A driver guilty of such

(Continued on page 466)



A THOROUGHBRED

The above photograph emphasises the beautiful proportions of the new Lincoln car. The framed picture in the background is of Doncaster racecourse, where so many equine thoroughbreds are seen

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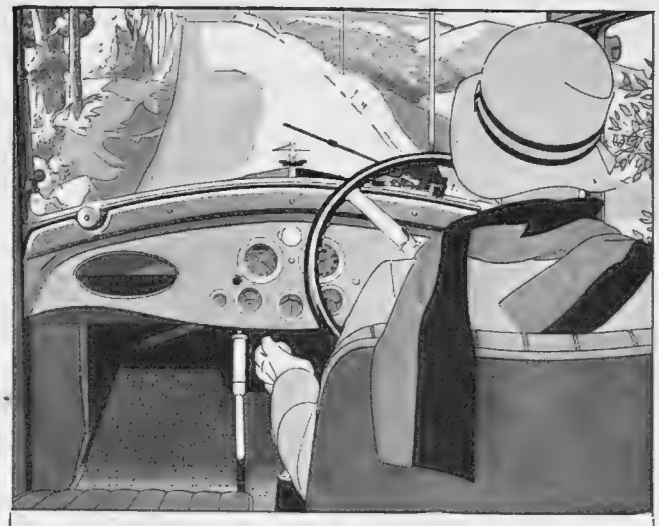

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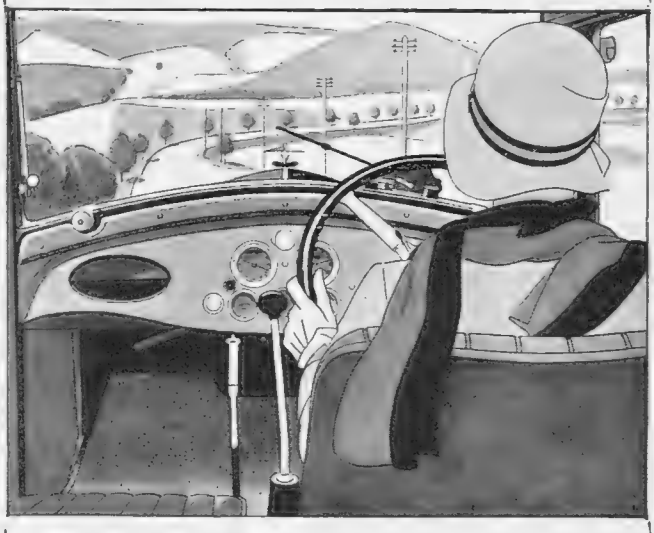

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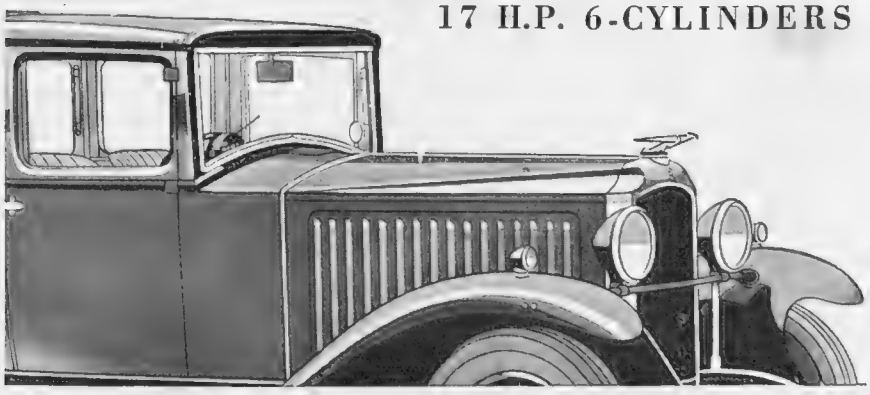

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from 464)

tactics is morally responsible for any accident which may occur, since in delaying the manœuvre he is deliberately forcing the other driver to remain on the wrong side of the road. Again, when another car is trying to pass you, it is your duty to pull as near as you can into the left-hand side of the road and give the overtaking car all the room possible. Many accidents are the fault of doddering motorists who trundle along at 20 m.p.h. and force faster-moving traffic to pull right over to the wrong side of the road in order to pass.

***

HORN blowing can be overdone, but it is always advisable to give a short toot before you try to pass another car. Rightly used, this toot is partly a warning and partly an enquiry as to the state of the traffic ahead. It should never be regarded as a peremptory command. And don't forget to signal. You should always signal to those behind you that you are going to overtake, whilst the driver of the car you are passing should always either wave you on or warn you at once of any obstruction. Intelligent use of these two signals will save many an awkward situation.

IN THE NEWS

Rolls-Royce Buy Bentleys

During the past few days two important mergers have been announced. Bentley Motors have been taken over by Rolls-Royce, and the A.J.S. light car by Willys-Overland-Crossley. The Rolls-Royce Company have under consideration the formation of a subsidiary company to handle Bentley cars. Their future policy is not yet decided, but it is intended to continue service and repairs for existing Bentley cars. The A.J.S., I learn, is to continue in production. It will in future be manufactured at the Willys-Overland-Crossley Works in Manchester.

MR. FREDERICK J. WOLFE

Who has been appointed Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., and Mr. J. B R. Morton has joined the Board, which is all-British. The other members are Mr. James Hamilton, Vice-chairman, Mr. J. Wilkie Frye and Mr. A Maclean

Plugs for Christmas Presents

In these hard times your friends will appreciate a useful, rather than an ornamental, Christmas present, and there is no gift which will so delight the heart of an owner-driver as some practical accessory for the car. A set of plugs, for example. This year, as in other years, the K.L.G. people are marketing attractive and inexpensive presentation sets, packed in metal containers, which form useful and permanent spare plug carriers. Such a present not only looks well on the breakfast table on Christmas morning, but is a far more welcome gift than ties you cannot wear and cigars you dare not smoke.

New Bid for World's Record

If "Wizard" Smith breaks the world's land speed record in New Zealand his success will assuredly be an all-British-Empire victory. "Wizard" Smith is an Australian. His car, the "Fred H. Stewart Enterprise," has exactly the same type of engine as that fitted in Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Blue Bird," and, except that it has two stabilising fins instead of one, closely follows the lines of Segrave's famous racer, the "Golden Arrow."

The Ninety Miles Sands in the north of New Zealand certainly seem to be the ideal venue for record breaking. The track is considerably longer than at Daytona, and is very wide indeed. The sand is as hard as the surface of a road. The only snag is the risk of striking shell-fish. Toheroa shell-fish—which, incidentally, make a famous soup—burrow in the sands, and should the wheels strike one of them it would be enough to rip open the very thin racing tyres with which the car is fitted. But, thanks to careful study of the habits of the toheroa, it is claimed that the attempt can be made at a time when they have burrowed well under the sand, leaving an absolutely clean surface.

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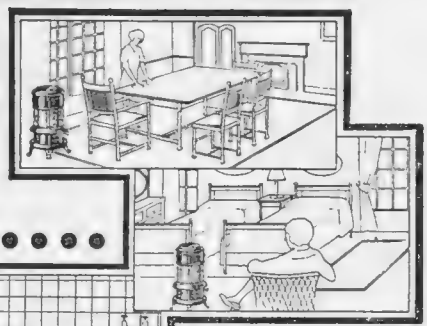

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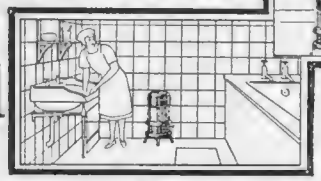

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The "FYRAYS" coal effect Oil Heater is the last word in Stoves. It gives luxurious Heat wherever and whenever you want it. The cheery glow of a coal fire is radiated by the "FYRAYS," being an exclusive feature of this magnificent Heater. Fumeless and most economical in fuel consumption. British from top to bottom—including the glass that helps the glow!

SEE IT AT YOUR IRONMONGERS OR WRITE FOR LIST "A."

"FYRAYS"

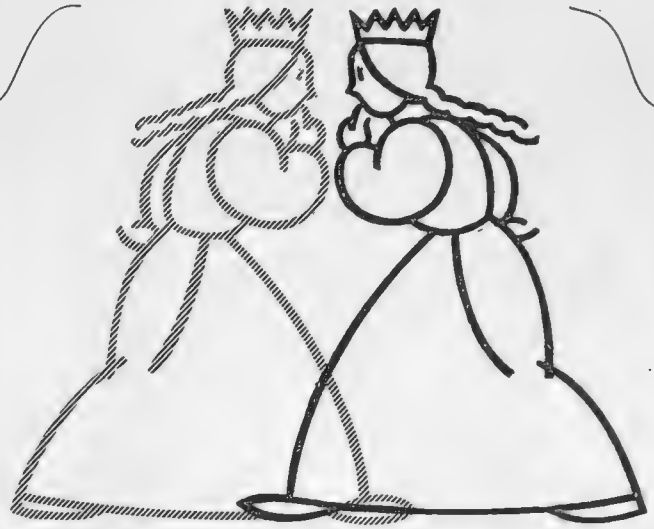
The COAL EFFECT OIL HEATER

RIPPINGILLES

ALBION LAMP COMPANY Ltd.

Aston Road North, Birmingham.

* *Price* **59/-**



The Wife of Good King Wenceslas

The wife of good King Wenceslas
Went walking to and fro
Deciding on his Christmas gift
(Though deep and crisp the snow).

She tho't of ties. She tho't of socks
In most malignant shades,
And suddenly she tho't of what
He spent on wafer blades.

And then she vowed a solemn vow,
"Odds Boddikins!" cried she,
"Now henceforth good King Wenceslas
Shall ne'er unshaven be."

She palfreyed to a busy shoppe
Where many kindred souls
Were choosing Yuletide fancies—and
She bought her spouse a Rolls!

His Rolls he can both strop and hone
Within its gleaming case,
A Rolls that will throughout the years
Improve his smiling face!

from a guinea

You can buy a Rolls Razor for 21/- and there are de luxe models ranging to 5½ gns. Also Rolls Soap Bowl 3/6. Refills 2/- Rolls Shaving Cream 1/3. Model illustrated is in stainless metal with spare blade, selling at 37/6.

ROLLS RAZOR

Rolls Razor Ltd., London.

DOGS

NERVES AND NONSENSE

By LADY KITTY RITSON

So many people write to me and ask advice about their Dogs who, they say, are suffering from nerves, and they all want to know whether they can do anything about it.

Well, it all depends upon whether the nerves are a matter of health, heredity, or bad treatment. I don't mean that the bad treatment is absolute cruelty, but merely the wrong sort of treatment; and we may as well take this form of nerves first. Nearly all small puppies are inclined to be a little shy of strange things, such as odd noises and, occasionally, of people who don't understand them, and these forms of shyness, while being tenderly dealt with, must not be allowed to take root, otherwise the dog's life will be a misery to him, and the owner's existence won't be much better. A puppy should be taken everywhere and simply treated to a kind word or an extra pat if it seems very upset. It is no use dragging it up to things of which it is frightened. If there is a train in the offing, don't pull the pup close up to it, but let it stand some distance off, while you pay no particular attention, meantime stroking its ears or giving it a pat. Take it with you into shops, in fact everywhere that it is possible for you to take it, and then you can be certain of curing it of any undue shyness and turn it into a sensible companion.

Bad health will make any dog shy, and it is very often an immediate aftermath of distemper. In this case you must be extra careful and try to combat the shyness by the right form of feeding, nerve tonics, etc. This nerve weakness should pass away when health is fully restored; it is very often caused by letting the dog out too soon after a bout of distemper, a thing against which I cannot warn you too strongly. I have often said, but I must repeat it, that six weeks is the right time to keep a dog an invalid. There is no doubt that taking it out too soon is a fruitful source of nerves, both physical and mental. Squire's Parish's Food is an invaluable medicine in cases of this sort, and good lean beef and all strengthening foods of that description will be a help. But apart from actual illness a dog that is out of sorts can easily become nervy, just as we do, and you will find that bitches just before they come in season are very apt to get jumpy and silly. You should, of course, be extra careful to treat a bitch in whelp with great care, and avoid any form of excitement or fright for her, as such a thing will certainly make her puppies nervous.

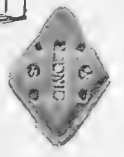
Mrs. Matthews's seven-weeks-old Poms gain their first experience of being shown. They are seen at the Pomeranian Club Championship Show held recently at Marylebone

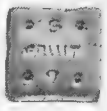
The shyness which comes from heredity is perfectly maddening and almost impossible to cure. It may affect one dog in a litter and not the others, and is most often to be found in show stock, particularly if very in-bred on a nervous ancestor. There is little to be done in this case, but if you are buying a puppy try to choose it yourself, and don't be tricked into taking the puppy that cowers in a corner at twelve weeks old. You may never cure it. Take the bold lad who pushes his nose into your hand. Remember that no amount of beauty can compensate for a shy dog, which is a disgrace and a nuisance. It is a good plan if you can see the bitch, for a shy dam teaches pups to be shy in the nest, just as a whiny one teaches them to be fidgety.

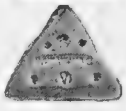
I don't mind if I do!

There is no biscuit he will relish like Spillers Shapes.

Four different Shapes and every shape a different flavour. *Wheatmeal*—crisp and crunchy for the teeth. *Super* — the vitamin biscuit. *Fruit*—containing genuine fruit for the digestion, and *Ginger*—the canine cocktail.







Spillers
SHAPES

In packets and bags 5d. and 1s., and larger sizes. Also loose by the pound.

SPILLERS LIMITED, JACOB STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.

BY APPOINTMENT

Help Your Dog-

to achieve his normal and intended span of years. Feed him on foods which suit his needs and constitution. For Safety's Sake feed Spratt's "Meat-Fabrine" Biscuits, which build and maintain health, energy and virility, and give the dog his due.

Every biscuit is stamped with the name Spratt's and Trade Mark "X"

Spratt's OVALS

MEAN HEALTH & LONG LIFE FOR YOUR DOG.

★ 100 *Page Illustrated Dog Book FREE, from*

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED

24/5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3

TWO NEW MODELS
THE
Allegro

Combines in one machine the Stone for Honing and the Leather for Stropping, sharpening all single or double edge blades.

Insures a daily clean shave.

PRICE 15/6 each

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS!

The sharpening body is reversible, presenting Hone or Strop instantly.

Try it—money back if not satisfied.

From all Stores, Cutlers, Druggists, etc.

Full particulars and Booklet from

Allegro Machine Co., Morley House, Dept. H, 314, Regent Street, London, W.1.

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"THE BYSTANDER"

to ensure prompt attention.

Economy

WATER SOFTENED BY AN

"Essex Dragor" Water Softener

IS BETTER THAN RAIN WATER

SOFTENED WATER BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN AND HAIR.

COMBATS RHEUMATISM AND KINDRED DISEASES.

PREVENTS FURRING AND DEPOSITS IN PIPES AND BOILERS.

REDUCES PLUMBERS' BILLS AND FUEL.

SAVES TEA, SOAP, COFFEE AND SODA.

CERTIFIED BY THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

ALL BRITISH.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 504.

DRAKE & GORHAM, Ltd.,
36, GROSVENOR GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.1,
AND BRANCHES.

YOUR "PRESENT" PROBLEM

THOSE who already know the wonderful properties of Bronnley's ESS VIOTTO for the Hands will be delighted to receive a bottle as a gift, whilst for those who have yet to discover ESS VIOTTO as a perfect means for beautifying the hands and complexion, a pleasant surprise is in store.

ESS VIOTTO

A Bronnley Gift of Bronnley Quality.

2/6, 4/9 & 6/9 per bottle.

MADE IN BRITAIN BY

BRONNLEY

MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED BATH SOAP

LONDON

A full Life on the CONQUEROR'S COAST

JOYFUL evenings to round off a programme of healthy sport, nights of gaiety followed by days of sunlit leisure or recreation—this is what the Conqueror's Coast offers. To stay here at this time of the year is to be both patriotic and wise—the climate is mild and recuperative, social amusements are abundent, hotel prices are low, and—by no means least important—you get full value for your £.

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS is renowned for music and sunshine. The town has a particularly fine Pavilion, seating 2,000, where the famous Municipal Orchestra, under Julius Harrison, gives a winter programme of classical and popular concerts. Indoor Bowls Pavilion, two Piers, fine hotels, dance halls, golf course, Indoor Sea-bathing Pool, etc. Guide free from Dept. C.B., Boro' Association, Hastings.

EASTBOURNE, sheltered by Beachy Head and the South Downs, has a delightfully mild climate, and holds the highest sunshine records. Its attractions include the provision of good music, a magnificent Winter Garden, frequent Concerts by world-famed artistes, Theatre, Concert Pavilions, a fine pier, first-class cinemas, sea-water and Turkish baths, three golf courses, etc. Guide free from Dept C.B., Information Bureau, Eastbourne.

BEXHILL & COODEN BEACH, sunny and bracing, is a select, modern residential resort with excellent hotels, and splendid schools; pure water, free from chalk, and a high record for the health-giving, ultra-violet rays. It has three well-known Golf courses, fox and hare hunting and coursing, hard tennis courts, sea-fishing. Guide free from Dept. C.B., Town Clerk, Bexhill-on-Sea.

SEAFORD, which nestles in the South Downs, appeals to those seeking a restful or sporting holiday. Its air is extremely pure, evidence of its healthiness being the many boarding schools in the district. There are two fine golf courses, much favoured for winter play. Guide free from Dept C.B., Chamber of Commerce, Seaford.

The QUICKWAY — The BESTWAY — The RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY BEST EXPRESSES (Weekdays) are:

To BEXHILL, ST. LEONARDS and HASTINGS.
From Charing Cross, 8.40, 10.25 a.m., 3.25, 4.18 (N.S.), 5.20 (S.O.,) 7.18 p.m. From Cannon Street, 1.4 (S.O.), 5.4 (N.S.), 6.0 (N.S.) p.m.

To SEAFORD and EASTBOURNE.
From Victoria, 11.15 a.m., 1.20, 3.15, 5.20, 6.40 p.m. From London Bridge, 5.5 p.m. (N.S.)

N.S.—Not Sats. S.O.—Sats. Only.

THROUGH TRAIN BY L M S from Liverpool (Lime Street), 10.35 a.m., Manchester (London Road), 10.40 a.m., Birmingham (New Street), 12.30 p.m., etc., every Saturday, except Dec. 26th (returning Monday). Also frequent L M S Expresses to London connecting with Southern Railway trains.

"HOLIDAY" Tickets issued every Friday and Sunday (also Saturdays by L M S) and WEEK-END Tickets every Friday, Saturday and Sunday (any train). Return fares from London—1st **17/9,** 3rd **10/9.** (Seaford—1st **16/6,** 3rd **10/-.**)
"WINTER RESORT" Tickets (available 1 month) issued any day, any train.

ENQUIRE OF LOCAL STATION MASTER FOR OTHER FARES, TRAIN SERVICES, ETC.

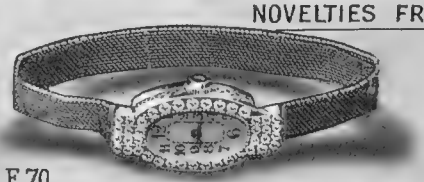
Woollands

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

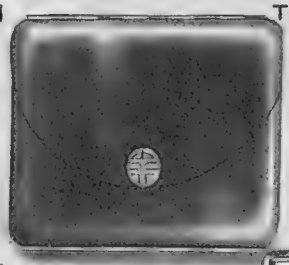
Articles of artistic refinement and utility for acceptable gifts at Woollands.

(48-page Gift Book — Post Free.)

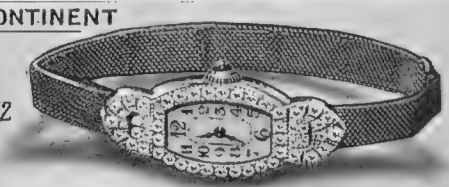
NOVELTIES FROM THE CONTINENT



F.70 Wristlet Watch Parisian Paste on Milanese Band | 15 Jewelled Reliable Movement | Width 5/8" Price 99/6 FOREIGN

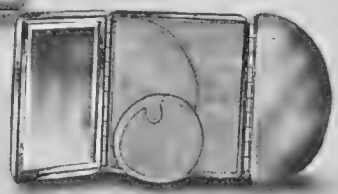


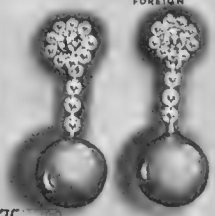
F.71. The "De la Paix" Vanity. Lacquer on Metal. 3 Fold Removeable Silk Powder Case, Large Mirror. | Elegant Finish in Black, White, Dk Green Dk Blue | Size Closed 3 1/8" × 2 5/8" Price 18/6 FOREIGN



F.72 Jewelled Watch Wristlet Diamond Paste, Dainty Design | on Milanese Band | Width 5/8" £5-19-6 FOREIGN

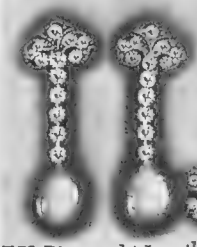
F.73 Hat Wing in Macassite Silver Mounted ALSO IN DIAMOND PASTE | Length 2 1/2" Price 39/6 FOREIGN





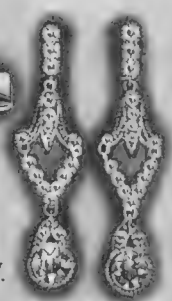
F.75 Diamond Paste & Orient Pearls | Length 1" Price 25/9 per pair FOREIGN

F.74. Charming New Watch Wristlet | Diamond Paste | On Elastic Cord | Reliable Movement | 1 1/8" × 1/2" Price £6-6-0. FOREIGN



F.76. Diamond Paste with Parisian Pearls FOREIGN | Length 1 1/4" Price 25/9 per pair

F.78. Watch Bracelet, Fine Diamond Paste - 17 Jewelled Movement | By Clip at side, Bracelet can be removed to take a cord for Day Wear | Width 1/2 in. Price £10-10-0 FOREIGN



F.77. Diamond Paste with Diamond Base FOREIGN | Length 1 1/2" 29/6 per pair

F.79 Paste, Antique Design, Silver Setting - FOREIGN | Length 2 1/2" Price 29/6 per pair

F.80 Charming 3 Tier Necklace of Pearls & Facetted White Crystals, with Paste Rondels at intervals | Length 16 1/2" 17 1/2" 18 1/2" Price 29/6 FOREIGN

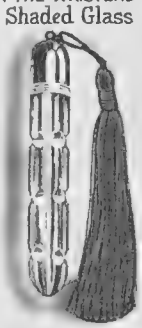
F.81 Smart Watch Clip for the Lapel or The Evening Gown | 1 1/2" × 7/8" Price 99/6 FOREIGN

F.82 Dainty Necklace of Pearls & Crystals Simple & Light - | Length 15" 17" Price 12/9 FOREIGN

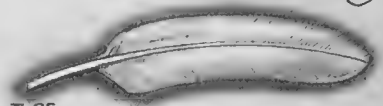
F.83 The "Louvre" Antique Style, Diamonds & Silver - FOREIGN | Length 2 1/2" Price 39/6 per pair

GIFTS

FOR THE WRISTBAG In Shaded Glass



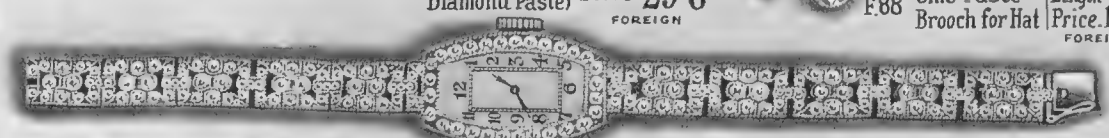
F.84 Scent Bottle Tassel, Glass & Enamelled Top to match | Blue Green Red Gold | 3" 2/11 1/2 FOREIGN



F.85. Feather Brooch Gilt or Silvered Metal - | Length 4 1/2" Price - 6/11 FOREIGN

F.86. Feather Brooch REAL MACASSITE & Silver (or in Diamond Paste) | Length 2 1/4" Price 29/6 FOREIGN

F.88 Chic Paste Brooch for Hat | Length 2 1/4" Price 12/9 FOREIGN



F.87. Watch Wristlet with Diamond Paste Bracelet | Reliable 15 Jewelled Movement of Fine Quality | Width 3/8" | Exceptional Value for £8-19-6 FOREIGN

Woolland Bros., Ltd. *Knightsbridge, S.W.1.*

Gifts for Everyone

Above: A special gift set of a Conway Stewart "Dandy" pen and Duro Point pencil with a Sheffield knife would be appreciated by everyone down to the schoolboy or girl

Above: Corot is responsible for this charming evening coatee in soft blue chiffon velvet. It is lined throughout and can be obtained in black, white or a variety of colours

Right: Lamp-stands, reproduction antique tables, Chinese lamps, a mahogany clock and a leather bridge cabinet from Gill and Reigate, George Street, Hanover Square

Below: Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, are famed for their linen. These dainty handkerchiefs are only some of many. The sachet is in peach satin and the evening handkerchief in printed chiffon

Pottery is much in vogue just now. Here is a lamp with folded linen shade, two quaint Cairn terriers and a sprightly kid from Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

FOR THE HOUSEPROUD

Two guest sets from Gooch's, Knightsbridge. A floral bordered face towel and face-cloth, and a set for breakfast in bed in natural Irish linen with coloured embroidery

These flower vases are made of English hand-cut crystal, and the dessert set of amber or white English moulded glass. They come from Peter Robinson, Oxford Street

An unusual and artistic toilet mirror on an oblong base fitted with drawers, which may be seen at Harris's, New Oxford Street

Nell Gwynn candles with their matching candlesticks can be obtained in several delightful shades. They are neatly packed in a special gift box, and can be used for lighting or decorating

An interesting group of suitable gifts from the General Electric Company, Kingsway. They are all under £3 with the exception of the massage vibrator, which is £4 15s. An electric iron, bed-warmer, shaving mug or toaster would be useful

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

100

CHRISTMAS IDEAS

FOR PRESENTS FOR MEN

from 5/- to £5

EVERY Austin Reed shop bulges with ideas for the Christmas shopper. Everything there is the perfect present for some man, and we shall always be glad to help you solve even the weightiest "What-on-earth-shall-I-give-him?" problem. If desired, any gift can be changed afterwards in any Austin Reed shop. And almost any gift will, if you wish, be supplied in a handsome presentation box—without charge.

To assist our customers to balance their budgets before they set out, we have prepared an attractive booklet full of suggestions, arranged in groups from 5/- to £5 and upwards. It is called "100 Ideas for Presents for Men," and is illustrated by Fougasse. Write for a free copy to-day.

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

SX 4831 AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

for the GOURMET

Deliciously refreshing is Kia-Ora Lemon Squash when it is mixed with plain or soda water. Grape fruit blended with fruit juices is another thirst-quencher

Doctor's China Tea is a thoughtful gift because it contains no excess of tannin and can be consumed by people with the most delicate digestion in perfect safety

Three fine whiskies distilled by Hiram Walker and Sons—American Rye, Canadian Club and Bourbon. If the exchequer does not run to all three, any one of these would be a wise choice

The festive board is not complete at Christmas without a bottle of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. It is famed for its delicious and invigorating flavour. There is also Sloe Gin or Ginger Brandy

Uniform high quality and the approval of connoisseurs has specialised Haig's Scots Whisky through generations. For Christmas gifts "Gold Label" and "Dimple" are put up in decorative containers

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

A Happy Christmas!

WHEN YOUR
Christmas Cards & Calendars
ARE
TUCK'S
OF ALL LEADING STATIONERY HOUSES

LOOK FOR NAME & TRADE MARK

Throat dry and sore?

The power of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles to soothe and refresh the throat wins for them the recommendation of all who try them. Throat comfort acquires a new meaning, once you have experienced the effect of an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille. Specially made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants—they are delicious.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

GIVE ELECTRICALLY

From all points of view the most suitable Christmas gifts are of lasting utility and pleasing appearance.

Ediswan Domestic Appliances combine these two qualities in the production of aids to home comfort which form most attractive Yuletide offerings.

Here are some suggestions:

Standard Radiant Fire
Just the thing for the dining room

Pedestal Bowl Fire
Ideal for the nursery or study

Electric Table Toaster
Hot, crisp, perfectly cooked toast made at table. Two pieces in three minutes

Electric Warming Plate
Indispensable to the hostess

Electric Automatic Safety Kettle
A wonderful convenience. Switches itself off when boiling point is reached

Electric Boiling Ring
No home should be without one. Its uses are legion

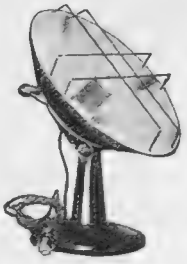
Electric House Iron
Just the right weight for fancy or heavy articles

High Frequency Set
Specially designed for house use. A wonderful health-giving appliance

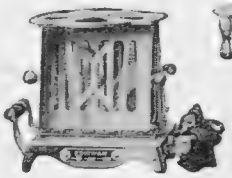
Pneumatic Massage Pulsator
The very latest method for massage in the home. Nothing to go wrong, no attention required

Sun Ray Apparatus
Simple, safe and efficient way of enjoying home sun-baths

Standard Radiant Fire

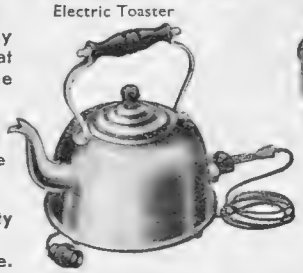


Pedestal Bowl Fire

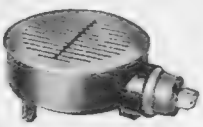


Electric Toaster

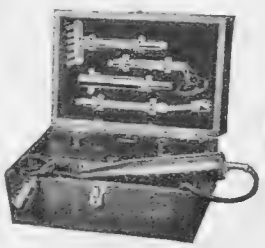
Electric Warming Plate



Electric Table Kettle

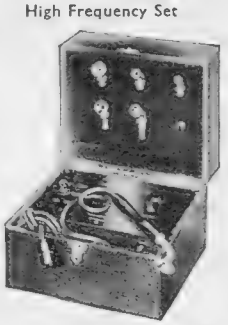


Electric Boiling Ring



High Frequency Set

Electric Home Iron



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Ultra-Violet Ray Apparatus

—this Christmas
EDISWAN
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
FROM ALL GOOD ELECTRICAL DEALERS AND STORES

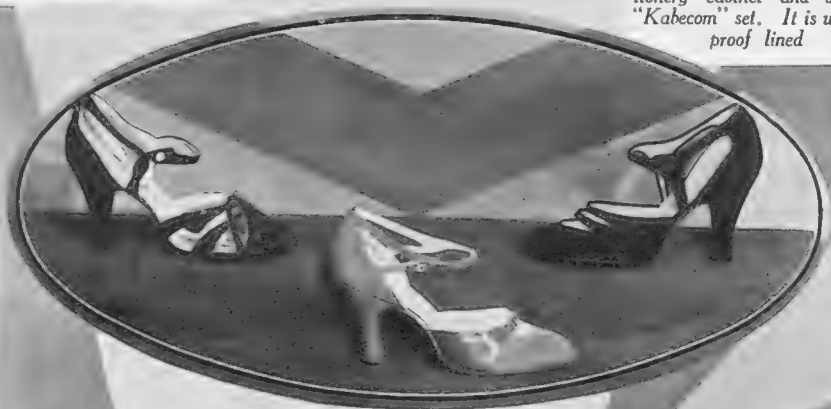
Advt. of THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
DA46

choose a Gift for yourself

A magnum of old vatted Highland Queen Scotch Whisky would make a most acceptable Yule-tide gift, in most excellent taste

Artvel, all-British Rayon Velvet makes this delightful gown and matching hat. This material is stocked at all the London stores and drapers

From Kirby Beard, of Birmingham, comes this stationery cabinet and dainty "Kabecom" set. It is waterproof lined



Dewar's "White Label" Whisky is now sold ready packed and labelled in strong, seasonably decorated cartons, thus saving time and trouble

Both for evening wear and for walking, Dolcis shoes are moderate in price, smart and comfortable. The chief branch is in Piccadilly, but they have shops everywhere

Wafting a fragrance of an old-world garden, "Je reviens," the latest Worth perfume, is a perfect complement of to-day's fashions

Left: Wines, spirits, cigars and cigarettes are included in every Christmas list. And they are doubly acceptable when from Hedges and Butler, Regent Street

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Bassano*

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Hundreds who have tested the skill of "Pundit Tabore," famous psychic, proclaim him the modern wizard of Astrology. GEORGE MACKEY of New York believes that the Bombay expert must possess some sort of second sight. Applying the ancient science to useful purposes, Tabore has built up an enviable reputation. The accuracy of his predictions and the sound, practical advice contained in his Horoscopes has served to win many new adherents to Astrology and to place the science in a more elevated position than it has heretofore held. His Horoscopes deal with such subjects as Business, Speculation, Finance, Love affairs, Matrimony, Travel, Friends, Enemies, etc.

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Clips which *Hold* the book.
Light *Cannot* shine into the eyes.
Adjustable Back, rigid in all positions.
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Standard Finish—Polished Oak, Nickelled Fittings, Lamp, 3 yds. flex, and plug. Please State Voltage.

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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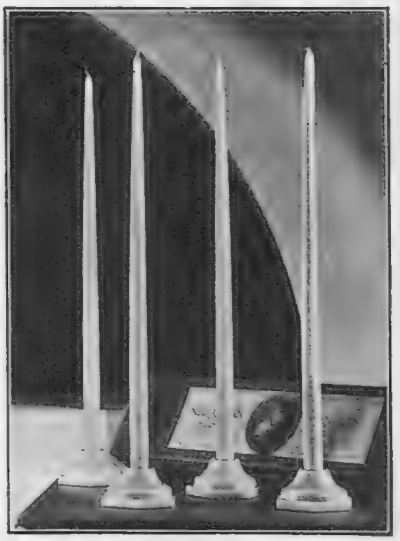

FOR GIFTS

This special gift box contains four 14" "Nell Gwynn" Candles with bases to match and costs only 5/-. If unobtainable locally, send remittance and we execute post free.

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"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., Dept. A, London S.E.1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Another Luxury Liner for Southampton

The Port of Southampton is to be congratulated on the latest addition to the already large number of modern passenger vessels using the port, which is eloquent testimony to the enterprise and initiative of the port authorities in providing adequate facilities for the rapid despatch of outgoing steamers.

We are advised that the well-known South American liner, the s.s. Cap Arcona, will call at Southampton in future en route for Buenos Aires, via Vigo, Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Montevideo. This service will be of particular interest to business people where time is of the utmost importance, the journey to Rio occupying only eleven days and to Buenos Aires just over fourteen days.

A Fountain Pen Guarantee

When purchasing a fountain pen the wise man invariably asks himself the very pertinent question, "Will it last?" and that is one of the many reasons why the products of W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company are so deservedly popular. All Sheaffer Pens are guaranteed for life and, furthermore, the Sheaffer Balance Lifetime Pen carries with it the special Unconditional Lifetime Guarantee. This means that the manufacturers undertake to keep every Lifetime Pen in perfect writing condition during the life of the owner, so, even though it may be smashed to smithereens as the result of, say, a train or car accident, or other causes, it will be replaced free of all charge on receipt of the broken parts. Such a guarantee cannot but impress the prospective purchaser, not only by its very generous terms, but by the obvious faith Sheaffers have in their pens.

Circus Time Draws Near

Bertram Mills' twelfth annual International Circus and Fun Fair will open this year with the usual impressive ceremonies at Olympia on Tuesday afternoon, December 22. Mr. Cyril Mills has been travelling for some months in the United States, South America, and Canada, and has just returned with a number of contracts for interesting novelties that will be included in the programme. Mr. Bernard Mills is bringing from the Continent other acts to complete what is hoped will be a programme of even greater originality than any of its predecessors. Most of the acts will be new to this country. Mr. Willy Schumann, as Equestrian Director, will once again have charge of the ring at Olympia.

A photograph of the exterior of the Paris offices of the Southern Railway. Situated in the Rue Auber, which is the hub of the travel business in France, the premises are beautifully fitted up and manned by a very efficient staff

A Very Present Help

Trite though the phrase may be, there is no better way of describing the *Daily Mail Year Book* for 1932 than a veritable multum in parvo, for its two hundred and seventy-eight editorial pages are as full of interesting and valuable information of every sort and kind as an egg is full of meat. It is possible to mention but a very few of the different subjects dealt with in its pages, but among many other interesting features will be found an article by G. Ward Price entitled, "What Caused the Political Crisis," an up-to-date treatment of the need for Protection, by Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., and a complete list of the new House of Commons. Sport of every kind is dealt with by experts, as are theatres, fashions, the world of art, and the books of the year. A Householder's Guide and a Gazetteer are two other valuable items. Edited by David Williamson, the *Daily Mail Year Book* costs but 1s.

Think of the Kiddies

No fewer than four million children have had good reason to be grateful to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for its efforts. In one year alone 105,873 children were helped in one way or another. This is the season of the children's festival. Our thoughts turn to the little ones, to Christmas presents, to the shrill and unrestrained laughter of the junior members of the family. When making out your list of Christmas gifts, will you include one extra present for some unknown child—will you send a donation to the N.S.P.C.C. so that they can continue in their cause with even greater success? Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Wm. J. Elliott, the Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

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THE best medical authority affirms that the acid formations which cause rheumatic conditions can be successfully broken up and eliminated if taken in time.

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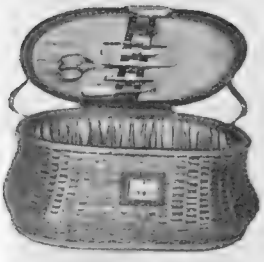
Gorringes

New Gift Floor

incorporating the Famous Bazaar

offers Variety as great as you could wish, at Prices lower than you would expect

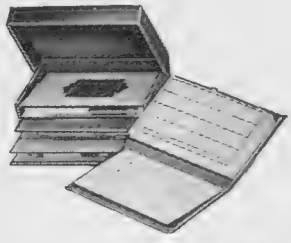
That gifts which are definitely practical need not necessarily be uninteresting or less acceptable is illustrated by the charming gift suggestions given below. A visit to the New Gift Floor at Gorringes will suggest to you just the gifts you would like to give at prices which enforced economy demand.



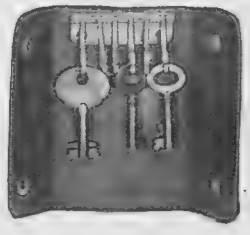
X.40. **Fitted Work-Basket,** in oval or square shape, with leather top and silk lining; fitted with scissors, needles, etc. In Brown, Blue or Rose. Each **21/-**

X.42. **"Toucan" Ash-Tray.** A very charming and beautifully finished tray for the smoker, and an acceptable gift. Each **3/6**

V.9. **Monkey Bridge Set,** four Ash Trays, different colours. The Set, **3/11** *Post 9d. extra.*

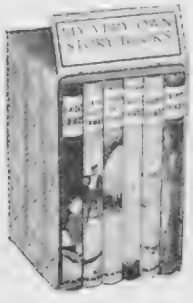


Y.205. For the **Hand-Bag.** Set of 4 Bridge Scoring Blocks in box. Each **1/-**



X.41. **Suede Leather Key Case,** made to take 6 keys, with snap fastener. In Brown, Blue, Red or Green. Each **1/-**

Y.32. **Cooking Recipe Book.** *Postage 6d.* **4/6**

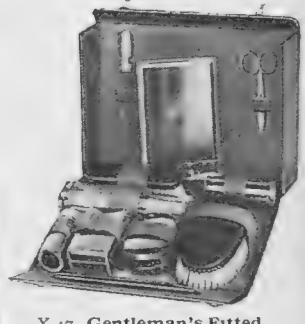


X.90. **"My Very Own Story Books."** 6 Volumes complete in an attractive case comprising Fairy Stories, Bird Stories, Seaside Stories, Animal Stories, Country Stories, Home Stories. Complete *Post 9d.* **3/6**

V.19. **"Paragon" China Tumbler,** with cover which can be used as plate. Various designs. **2/11** *Post 6d. extra.*

Y.208. **Ecrase Leather Stationery Attache Case,** fitted with notepaper, envelopes, blotter, etc. Each **17/6**

X.45. **Charming 21-piece Tea Set** in "Poppyland" design and very beautiful colourings. Set **10/-**



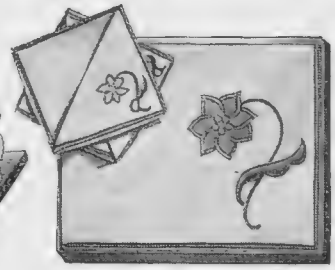
X.47. **Gentleman's Fitted Dressing Case** of pig grain leather, with 2 locks and fitted with best quality brushes, etc. Very smart finish in Brown or Navy. Size 10½ × 7½ × 3 ins. **£3.3.0**

These Three Suggestions are from the Ground Floor

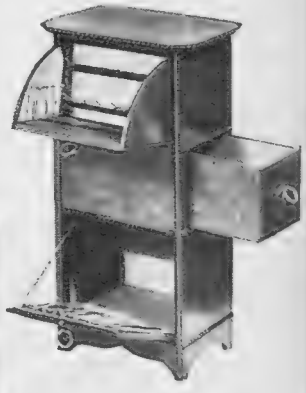
Y.33. **Telephone Screen.** *Postage 6d.* **2/11**

Z.11. Cream Irish Linen Madeira hand embroidered **Tea Cloth.** Natural embroidery. Size: 36 × 36 ins. **4/6**

Z.18. Cream Irish Linen Madeira hand embroidered **Breakfast Set,** with natural embroidery. The set comprises one cosy, one tray cloth, one serviette. Set complete in box, **7/11**



Z.16. Scottish Cream **Linen Set,** appliqued and embroidered in Blue, Gold or Pink. The set comprises one tray cloth, 14×20 ins., and two tea napkins. Set complete in box, **2/-**



X. 34. **Needlework Cabinet,** made of figured Birch, stained and polished Oak or Walnut shades. Fitted for cottons, needles, scissors, etc., lined sateen and velvet and made in colours to suit any colour scheme. Height 27 ins. Width 14 ins. Depth 10½ ins. **38/6** *Carriage Free.*

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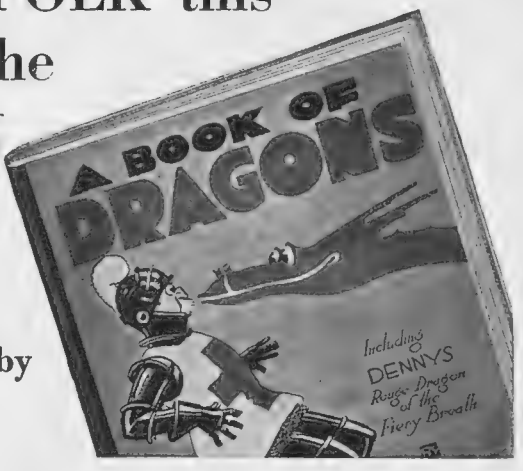

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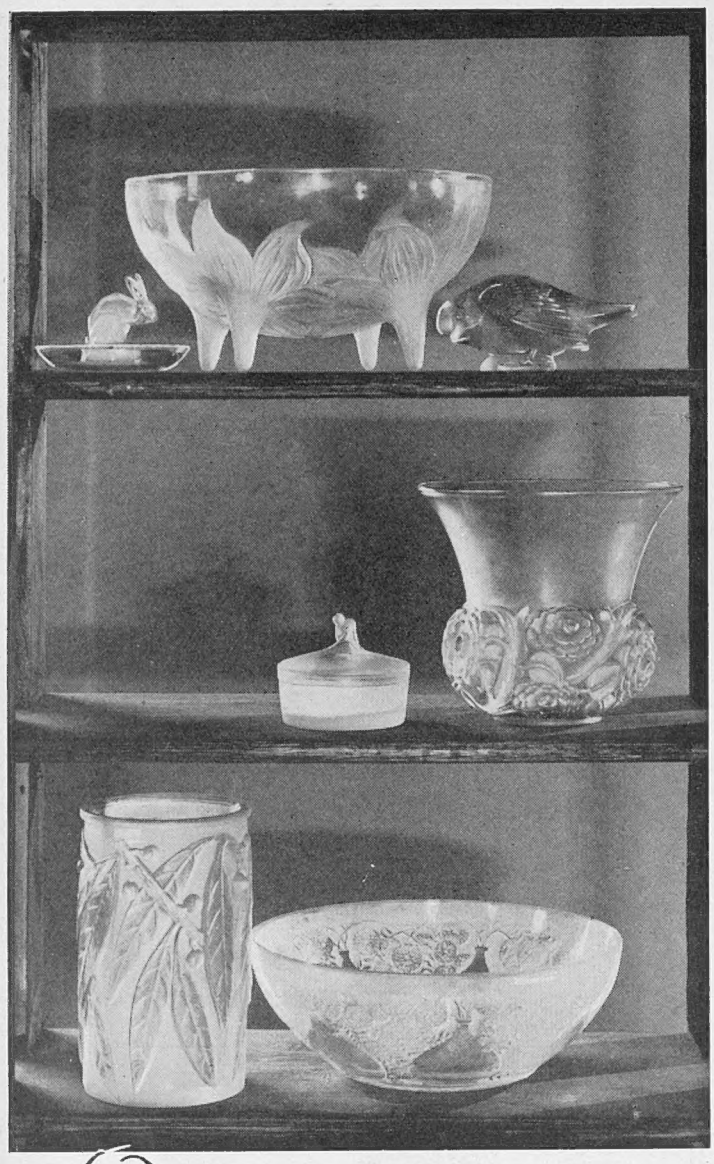

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